

Sports Illustrated

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DECEMBER 8, 1969

50 CENTS





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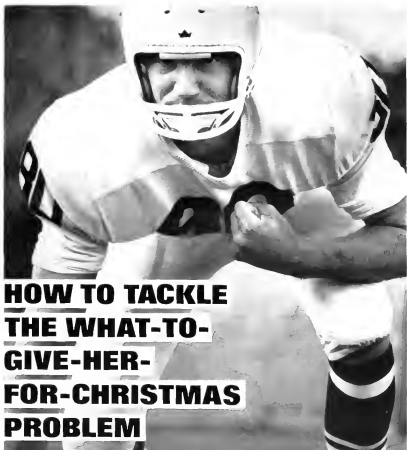
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Next week

TEXAS VS. ARKANSAS presents a classic battle, an end-of-the-season game between No. 1 and No. 2, with the national championship at stake. Dan Jenkins reports the action.

SNOWBOATING ASHLAND sets off with a bang and ends with a whimper. Peter Carr writes about a frustrating small-college team that is fun to watch until it starts playing.

A LEBANESE LAWYER from South Dakota is seeking happiness as owner of the Miami Dolphins. Mark Kram studies a man of controversy who once dared to fire Flipper.



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Coach of Univ. of Arkansas

10 QB Bill Montgomery
15 QB John Eickler
16 QB Gus Rutherford
18 DB Jerry Moore
19 K Bill McCloud
20 SE Chuck Odom
21 DB David Hughes
22 SE Steve Mackersmith
23 TE Mike Hendree
24 DB Terry Stewart
25 P John Reas
27 FB Bobby Nichols
31 WR Steve Birdwell
32 LB Richard Coleman
33 TE Bill Barnett
34 FB Bruce Maxwell
36 S Dennis Berner
38 FB Ryno Garber
40 P William Powell
43 P Cary Stockell
45 TE Russell Cody
46 DB Robert Daw
49 WR Bobby Field
50 C Terry Hopkins
51 DT Dan Wunderly
52 LB Robert Lewis
53 LB Lynn Garner
54 C Bill Carter
57 C Rodney Brand
59 LB Mike Beschelt
61 DT Chris Bumpas
62 DT Dawitt Smith
63 DT Roger Narnish
64 LB Cliff Powell
68 DT Terry Don Phillips
69 DB Roenis Barnett
70 DB Roenis Barnett
71 DB Gordon McNulty
72 DT Rick Kerney
73 DT Tom Barry
74 DB Jerry Dossy
75 DT Bob Stankovich



	1	2	3	4	Final
Arkansas					
Texas					

77 DT Gary Parnes
78 DT Mike Kallies
80 SE David Cox
82 LB Gordon McNulty
82 LB Tommy Hepper
85 DB Bruce James
87 DE Tommy Daw
88 TE Pat Harrison

Darrell Royal
Coach of Univ. of Texas

5 KS Happy Feller
13 DB Jimmy Gane
14 QB Eddie Phillips
16 QB James Street
19 QB Paul Kraychok
20 KS Scooter Meeslake
22 HB Billy Dale
23 DB Danny Lester
24 HB Ted Kay
28 DB Fred Stelmack
30 FB Steve Werster
31 DT Greg Pfeiffer
33 HB Terry Gable
34 LB David Richardson
35 HB Jon Bartelton
40 TE Randy Penchell
41 DB Rick Nabors
42 R Mack McKeese
43 LB Larry Wade
44 LB Raymond Fennebert
45 SE Ken Elong
46 FB Bobby Callins
50 DT Bobby Wuensch
52 C Forrest Wengert
57 C Jim Schillat
60 OG Sid Reaster
61 LB Scott Henderson
62 DT Bob McKay
63 DT George Cobb
64 DT Bobby Mitchell
65 DT Scott Palmer
66 OG Mike Doss
67 LB Glen Haisell
68 OG Jay Gormer
70 DT Carl White
71 DT Leo Brooks
72 DE Jim Williams
76 DT Randy Slout
77 DE Bill Atwell
80 LB Bill Zaspick
82 TE Tommy Woodard
84 R Mike Campbell

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SCORECARD

UNDERCONSIDERATION

The Heisman Trophy people were at least thoughtless two weeks ago when Purdue's Mike Phipps was led to suspect that he had won the trophy and then was informed by a ceremonious phone call that he had come in second.

A Heisman spokesman called Purdue earlier to say that the vote, still being tabulated, was down to two athletes, and to ask that Phipps be made available in the college president's office for a call at award-announcement time. The Purdue people, understandably but perhaps overeagerly, guessed that this advance word was just a way of setting up the winner's telephone interview without coming right out and disclosing the good news. The Heisman people say they made it clear that the vote was still up in the air and that they just wanted to be sure that both Phipps and the other contender—who turned out to be winner Steve Owens—would be reachable when the result was official. In past years, say the Heisman people, they have had as many as four boys standing by. (Purdue, with three second-place finishers in the last four years, has never had such a call before, but apparently Phipps is the first to come close enough in the hall-loting.) Purdue is bitter "I think they were looking for publicity from the president's office," says Sports Information Director Karl Klages. "What did they want him to do," adds President Frederick Hovde, "cry over the phone?"

RUMPY ROAD

Since word has leaked out that the motto of the Atlanta Ski Club is "We Ski on Grits," it seems appropriate to ascertain why.

The club has over 1,000 members. It skis mostly at Seven Devils, Beech Mountain and Sugar Mountain, all near Boone, N.C. This year several trips are planned to Cataloochee in North Carolina and to Courchevel in France. In North Carolina, the club often makes use of artificial snow.

A few years ago when some club members made a trip to Aspen, a Northerner came up to them and asked, "What do you ski on down there, grits?"

The message thus became the medium.

THERE GOES NEW ENGLAND

Vermont has decided it is attracting too many tourists, who are about to destroy the balance of nature. Massachusetts, desiring more tourists, may import five tribes of Indians to give visitors something to do (i.e., buy trinkets from and look at the Indians) besides view all the balanced nature.

Vermont is in the midst of the Montreal-Boston-New York City triangle, which puts 70 million congestion-beset people within a day's drive. They cannot all be accommodated. "We have come to the realization that there is only so much Vermont," says William Norton, chief of information and travel for the state's development department. "Once that's gone, it's gone forever." Norton knows of one 15-story high rise going up right in the middle of a rural area. What he calls "Florida-type land developments" are proliferating, some "without regard to sewage disposal and central water systems. Imagine what happens with 2,000 homes on a mountainside. Think of the polluted streams." So Vermont is preparing stiffer, statewide land-use laws—and even taking steps to cool off the ski business, which brought the state \$76 million last winter. State funds will no longer be allotted for access roads, base lodges or maintenance of roads to ski areas.

One thing Vermont does not want, says Norton, is "to create a service class of person. We don't want a class dependent on tourism as they have in Puerto Rico, for example." But the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is consulting with the Bureau of Indian Affairs about the feasibility of bringing in such a class ready-made. "The Mohawk Trail is one of our soft areas," says Lawrence Flynn, the state's commis-

sioner of tourism. "It's the most scenically beautiful spot we have—but what does someone do when he gets there? The idea would be to set up an Indian reservation along the trail. We have to figure out how they'd live in the winter. I've got to make sure and get some Sumacs, because they're the greatest in pottery making. There'd be Iroquois, Mohawks and Senecas, plus one more."

Of course those people might well be better off there than wherever they were shunted off to last. And they could prove valuable "service persons" not only as spectacles and vendors but also as look-outs. If anybody knows what can happen when tourism gets out of hand, it is American Indians.

TWO ODDITIES

Every football season has its unusual plays. So far this season a 230-pound center has run some 209 yards for and after a touchdown on an incomplete pass (that's right—read on), and a quarterback has been penalized 15 yards for wip-



ing his hands on the seat of a referee's pants.

The center is Art Kuehn of Cubberly High School in Palo Alto, Calif. His team threw an incomplete screen pass, and both sides went back into their huddles. But Kuehn noticed that the officials had made no move toward the ball, which had rolled into the Cubberly end zone and almost out. The pass had been thrown laterally, so the ball

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

was still alive. Kuehn walked over, picked up the ball and ran 109 yards for the touchdown. Then he ran back to his bench at the 50, only to be reminded that he had to center for the PAT. So he ran back to the three. "He's in great shape," Coach John Second noted after the game. "Last year, when he weighed 275, he probably wouldn't have made it from the huddle to the hall."

The penalized quarterback was John Hunley of Waynesburg College in Pennsylvania. Waynesburg was leading Lock Haven State College 14-13 in the rain with two minutes remaining and Hunley needed a good grip on the ball. He had just muddled his hands and also the towel at his waist as diving for a loose ball. His eyes lit upon the only clean places on the field—the officials' uniforms. Casually, without asking, Hunley availed himself of the trousers of a startled field judge. In a twinkling the affronted dignitary paced off 15 yards against Waynesburg for unsportsmanlike conduct.

THE INTUITIVE MONEY

The hunch-bettors' report: On Halloween Eve Great Pumpkin won at Churchill Downs, and Chiller Diller won at Detroit. Moon Mission (colors red, white and blue) won at Churchill Downs Nov. 24 (same day Apollo 12 astronauts splashed down), paid \$21.20. Also at Churchill Downs, Boss Mariner won Waves Purse Nov. 11, paid \$127.80. (Perhaps so little action because Diane Crump, Boss Mariner's rider, was never a Wave herself.) At Aqueduct on Nov. 12, day of the \$1.3 million robbery, Call A Cop, the favorite in the third race, ran third. On Thanksgiving Day at Laurel Race Course Little Slugger won by six lengths, paid \$34.80. (Little Slugger's trainer, R. Nixon; grandniece, Supreme Court.)

BOXING EBBS AND FLOWS

Last week, as Sweden voted to outlaw professional boxing entirely, a government minister of the Bahamas extolled the sport as a measure of the civilization achieved by Grand Bahama Island.

Boxing has been called many things but never civilized. It was all too brutal for the Swedish psyche, in a land where violence rather than sex is censored in films and TV, and Floyd Patterson was a national idol.

The run of mismatches foisted on the

Swedes in recent years by Ingemar Johansson, their one-time heavyweight champion and less-than-champion promoter, did not help—Buster Mathis and Sonny Liston pummeling Gerry De Bruyn and Dave Bailey were more than even the long-suffering Scandinavians could bear.

But in Freeport, Grand Bahama, boxing promises to be something else. The other day, in the first of a series of modified, English-style bouts held under the chandelier in the Camelot Room at the King's Inn & Golf Club, spectators sat at tables around the ring eating artichokes vinaigrette. The bouts were not more bloody than the medium-well entree, and the only breach of decorum was a shout of "Don't hit him in the kidneys, luv, it hurts," directed at a preliminary fighter in long olive drab socks by a smartly coiffed matron.

Garnet Levarity, the Bahaman Minister of Out Island affairs, called the whole scene not only highly civilized but "delightful"—the more so because it was in line with the country's new emphasis on getting Bahamians into the local job and the action. The fights were co-promoted by the British-owned King's Inn, Bahaman Jim White and Miami's Chris Dundee, and they featured the Bahamas' own Gomco Brennan, who won his 106th fight.

PRIORITIES

San Francisco Disc Jockey Don Sherwood tells about an argument in a friend's house after a weekend of sports television. Complained the wife: "You love football more than you love me." Replied the husband: "Yeah, but I still love you more than basketball."

A VOTE FOR SANTA

In Memphis each week during the football season the Coca-Cola Company sponsors a handicapping contest, to which Memphis football fans bring all the scientific skills and inside knowledge that, as everyone knows, the astute picking of winners and point spreads requires. (page 35)

A couple of weeks back the contest involved the Ole Miss-Tennessee struggle in Jackson, Miss. Few authorities picked Ole Miss to win at all. Mrs. L. T. Massey, a 70-year-old Memphis grandmother, guessed that Ole Miss would win 38-0. (The score was 38-0.) She predicted the combined of-

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

fensive yardage to be 650. (It was 651.)

Mrs. Massey, who had been a runner-up in the contest twice before, was asked whether she was a student of the game. "No," she replied, "but I believe in fairies and Santa Claus."

Mrs. Massey's earlier entries won her two footballs. She gave them to her grandchildren. This time she won a Triumph motorcycle.

HEN, HEN, HEN

Year after year Alfred Vanderbilt comes up with apt names for his racehorses. What would you have called a yearling by Tom Fool out of Last Leg? Vanderbilt's choice: Dirty Old Man.

GOOD GRIEVANCES!

Coach Ed Donohue of King's College in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., put his basketball team through an extremely difficult practice session against his freshmen recently. As time wore on and performances grew more and more ragged, Donohue waxed caustic, berating every player soundly as to his ability, appearance, speed, strength and character. The session that had begun at 3:15 did not end until 7. That evening the thoroughly tired and disgusted team held a meeting, agreed the practice was a disgrace and prepared a list of grievances to present to Donohue the next day.

The list read,

1. We want to win!

2. We enjoyed every minute of it!

3. We deserved every bit of it!

4. Keep up the good work as we understand you are just doing your job!

Donohue, who says he thought, "Oh, oh, here we go," when the players first handed him the ominous-looking document, was only momentarily nonplussed. "I read the list," he said later, "graded it and gave them 80%." They misspelled "grievance."

THEY SAID IT

• Gus Ganakas, new Michigan State basketball coach, on his relative anonymity: "I got mail to all kinds of names: Bananas, Caracas, you name it. I didn't mind that, but one sportswriter called and asked me to spell my first name."

• Bud Ogden, Philadelphia 76ers rookie, who made a perfect pass to the press table on a fast break in a game with San Diego, explaining to the writer who caught the pass why he threw it. "You were open."

END

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OVERDUE WINNER IN



Broken-rosed DeBusschere and sturdy Rod power frontcourt.



NEW YORK

It's been two months since the city had a world champion and it never had one in basketball—but here are the Knicks tearing up the NBA with their team play **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**



Both excellent marksmen, Baross and Bradley play frustrating defense



CONTINUED



New York hasn't had a World Series, much less a Super Bowl, to savor for a long time—almost eight weeks. This is a deprivation that becomes evident whenever the home-town Knickerbockers are playing at Madison Square Garden. The 19,500-odd people who attend Knick games these days have taken to stomping their feet so that happy organ music and yelling, in lusty union, "Let's go Knicks," just like October all over again. But perhaps New Yorkers should be allowed their little excesses in basketball, too—after nearly a quarter of a century of shooting baskets, the Knicks right now are running exactly one world championship behind the Mets.

The idea that the Knicks might help themselves to the NBA championship this year had taken hold even before the season began, but public demonstrations to that effect reached a crescendo while the New Yorkers were brushing aside the champion Boston Celtics 113-98 recently at the Garden. The crowd was percolated mostly by a furious fourth-quarter rush during which the Knicks outscored Boston 17-5, a spurge that received its main impetus from the ball hawking and ball handling of Walt Frazier (see cover), the Knicks' spidery backcourt man, and some mayhem on the part of Center Willis Reed, who, in the space of 37 seconds but a 15-foot jumper, blocked two shots and slammed in a reverse stuff that might have registered a tremor or two on the nearest seismograph.

By the time Coach Red Holzman mercifully removed Reed, Frazier, Dave DeBusschere and Bill Bradley from the game—leaving goateed Dick Barnett as the only New York starter on the floor—the fans were reeling giddily, in part, no doubt, from the effects of repeatedly having to get up and sit down for all those standing ovations. With 2:59 to play and fully persuaded by the evidence at hand that they were witnessing two basketball dynasties passing each other in opposite directions, the spectators began to chant insistently, "We're No. 1, we're No. 1 . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DODDS JR.

Minimodem Russell and Rorodon (top) are two of fine subs heading Red's words to starters.

Eagerly, if not quite accurately, the Garden's \$250,000 scoreboard echoed the sentiment by flashing a message across its screen. "We're No. 9," the communication read.

What the Knicks have in common with their scoreboard is that they, too, are a machine and they, too, are capable of making an occasional mistake, which more or less accounts for the team's three-point loss Oct. 23 to the San Francisco Warriors and the defeat by erratic Detroit on Saturday. Counting those lapses, as of last weekend the Knicks had won 23 of their 25 games, including 18 in a row—the longest winning streak in NBA history. The one that gave them the record, No. 18, was a stunning 106-105 victory Friday night over the Cincinnati Royals. With the Knicks behind 105-100 and just 16 seconds to go, Reed sank a pair of foul shots to keep them alive. Then DeBusschere stole an inbound pass at midcourt and went in for a layup. Finally, after Reed tipped another pass toward Frazier, Walt was fouled while shooting and, with two seconds left, sank both free throws to wrap it up.

Such accomplishments have stirred some people who do not ordinarily fall into the category of Knick fans—rival coaches, for example—to come forward and say that the Knicks are the best basketball team in the world, an accolade heretofore reserved for Bill Russell.

The Knicks generally have been winning both early and easy. They are beating rivals by an average point spread of 13.7 points, far ahead of the Baltimore Bullets' second-best 3.2. Their utter domination of the NBA has given them a legitimacy already that both the Jets and Mets lacked until the very end. Everybody knows that the Mets won their championship only because Gil Hodges sold his soul to the devil and that the Jets did so because Joe Namath is the devil. Well, the Knicks look like the genuine article, a team that can shoot and play rachorse, sure, but can also bring breathless excitement to all those esoteric things—picking and rolling, giving and going, moving without the ball—that one usually has to remind himself to watch for when the game is on.

The Knicks draw much of their fire from Reed and Frazier, who are rated

by Coach Dick Motta of the Chicago Bulls as "the two best players in the league, the two I'd want if I were starting a new team." With Russell retired, Chamberlain injured and Alcindor still requiring a bit of seasoning before he goes out and revents the game of basketball as he is destined to do, Reed is the best center extant, the special meaning of which lies in the fact that there has never been a great professional team, from George Mikan's Lakers to Russell's Celtics, that did not have an outstanding pivotman.

Reed shoots exceptionally well, but so do all the Knicks right down to Trainer Danny Whelan. The thing about Whelan is that he actually seems to make all the Knicks quicker, and we're talking now about somebody who goes 6'10" and 240 pounds. Like Russell, he has remarkable mobility that enables him to get the ball off the defensive board and downcourt in a hurry. And when the play becomes more deliberate, he fits smoothly into his team's hot-potato passing game. The object of all the passing the Knicks do is to spring one of those gunners—anybody will do—for an open shot, which they succeed in well enough to lead the NBA in assists, to say nothing of many other important team statistics. The man who keeps the ball moving, the one with the handsome face framed by the mossy sideburns is Frazier, a pensive 24-year-old who says in quiet wonderment, "We're playing great ball now, but you know something? We're in the process of learning to play together, just in the process."

Frazier's teammates call him Clyde, a nickname derived from his penchant for the kind of wide-brimmed hats and pinstripes Warren Beatty wore in that movie. As his team's triggerman, Clyde penetrates the opposition's perimeter with the tempo of a soft-shoe man, full of hitches and hesitations, working to win the precious half-step advantage he needs in order to unbalance the defense and force it into retreat. If somebody converges to double-team him, it only means that another Knick is already free somewhere, and Clyde may be even better than that other Frazier, the one who fights out of Philadelphia, when it comes to hitting the open man.

But it is on defense that Frazier, endowed with hands "quicker than a lit-

FORBES

and's tongue," as a rival once described them, really excels—and that goes for the Knicks in general. When Frazier or Bradley or Barnett steals the ball and suddenly breaks into the clear, it is seldom the result of one man playing showboat or taking unnecessary risks. "Sometimes we gamble, but usually we calculate," says Holzman, whose emphasis on team defense has his players constantly prepared to help each other on guarding assignments. No aspect of a team's play more accurately reflects the coach's philosophy and ability to teach and inspire than its defense. Holzman's players try, at all times, to maintain specific positions in relation to their own teammates as well as to the men they are guarding. "It was your steal," Frazier was telling Mike Riordan, the Knicks' scrappy substitute guard, in the dressing room after the Boston game. "You should have kept going. You should have gone for it."

During the game Boston's John Havlicek, guarded by Frazier, had the ball when Riordan made a tentative move to steal it away, only to back off and return to his own man, Larry Siegfried.

"I probably could have gotten the ball," Riordan said, "but I was afraid of losing Siegfried."

"I would have picked him up," said Frazier. "I was leaning that way and I could have kept on going. It was your steal."

The Knicks wear down the other team, and they do it, above all, with their defense. "They're especially tough on the man who has the ball," says Jack Ramsay, the Philadelphia 76er coach. "They're always in a position to prevent him from making his first pass. They're aggressive, they're tough individually and they have an excellent concept of team responsibility."

The talk of toughness might have a hollow ring to it except that the Knicks are overpowering their competition with personnel that, apart from Reed, has no real size to speak of. As NBA forwards go, DeBusschere and Bradley, at 6'6" and 6'5", are both quite small. Even so, their introduction into the starting lineup last year—DeBusschere's after he came from Detroit in the Bellamy-Komives deal, and Bradley's after Cazzie Russell was sidelined with a broken ankle—certainly enhanced New York's tenacity on defense and sharpness at han-

HOW THE KNICKS GOT TOGETHER

DICK BARNETT

Tennessee A&I, 1959, Little All-America, 1959
First draft choice, Syracuse, 1959
Jumped to Cleveland, ABL, 1961
Jumped back to Lakers, 1962
Traded to Knicks for Bob Boozer, 1965

DAVE DEBUSSCHERE

University of Detroit, 1962, third team All-America, 1962
First draft choice, Pistons, 1962
Pushed in White Sox chain, 1962-63
Traded to Knicks for Walt Bellamy and Howard Komives, 1968

WILLIS REED

Grambling College, 1964, NAIA All-America, 1964
Second draft choice, Knicks, 1964

BILL BRADLEY

Princeton, 1965, All-America, 1964-65
U.S. Olympic team, 1964

Co-first draft choice, Knicks, 1965
Rhodes scholar, Oxford, 1965-67
Joined Knicks during 1967-68

DAVE STALLWORTH

Wichita State, 1965, All-America, 1965
Co-first draft choice, Knicks, 1965
Suffered heart attack, March 1967
Returned to Knicks for 1969-70 season

NATE SOWMAN

Wichita State, 1965
First draft choice, Cincinnati, 1965
Eastern League, 1965-66
Picked by Chicago in expansion draft, May 1966
Sold to Philadelphia, December 1966
Picked by Seattle in expansion draft, May 1967
Sold to Knicks, September 1967

CAZZIE RUSSELL

Michigan, 1966, All-America, 1966
First draft choice, Knicks, 1966

dling the ball. Despite their size, or possibly to compensate for it, the Knicks are playing very physical basketball, something that is often obscured by their quickness. DeBusschere, underrated throughout his NBA career, excels at establishing eminent domain under the backboards. Bradley, the gentlemanly Rhodes scholar, moves extremely well with or without the ball, not the least of the motion involving his elbows. Even the spendly Barnett, whose unorthodox left-handed jump shots make him look like a spinning top about to topple over, gets into the act with some of those clinging-vine tactics he has picked up in 10 years in the league. Personal fouls, it happens, are something else the Knicks are close to leading the league in.

If their fouling has caused a minimum of damage so far, the reason can be found on the New York bench, which time and again has given the Knicks the lift they have needed. In last Friday's game with Cincinnati the first five fell seven points behind in the first quarter before Riordan and the team's two other top substitutes—Dave Stallworth and Cazzie Russell—combined to put New York back on the beam, hitting 19 points within four minutes. Known as the Minutemen, Riordan,

Stallworth and Russell took 20 shots against Cincinnati and made 15 of them. There have been suggestions that the Minutemen may all quit and get their own NBA franchise, but they are probably far better off in their present roles. Russell is a crowd-pleasing one-man gang with the ball, but he tends to be undisciplined, especially on defense. The streak-shooting Stallworth, recovered from the heart attack that sidelined him in 1967, also needs the ball to be effective, while Riordan, who has graduated from last year's assignment as the Knicks' strategic-foul specialist, is just learning what else he can do besides startling the opposition with pell-mell drives through heavy traffic. Enter Nate Sorman, all arms and legs, who spells Reed, and the confusion may turn to chaos, yet the Minutemen score baskets, and their madcap play, in counterpoint to the cohesive style of the first five, seems to unhinge the other team. "When I block a shot or something, it's expected," says Reed, the team captain, who speaks with a quiet authority that makes his words sound as if they're coming from a mountaintop—which, in a sense, they are. "When a second-line guy like Nate does it, it's inspiring."

That the Knicks are only approaching

WALT FRAZIER

Southern Illinois, 1967, Little All-America, 1967

First draft choice, Knicks, 1967

MIKE RIORDAN

Providence College, 1967

Eastern League, 1967-68

Signed by Knicks as free agent, 1968

PHIL JACKSON

North Dakota, 1967, Little All-America, 1966-67

Second draft choice, Knicks, 1967

Sidelined by back ailment, 1969-70

DOH MAY

Dayton, 1968, All-America, 1968

Second draft choice, Knicks, 1968

BILL WOSKEY

Ohio State, 1968, All-America, 1968

U.S. Olympic team, 1968

First draft choice, Knicks, 1968

JOHN WARREN

St. John's, 1969

First draft choice, Knicks, 1969

their potential is perfectly clear to Holzman, a trim man who favors rep ties and button-down shirts, keeps his desk unburdened and likes his basketball just so. As he presides over practice at the Garden, his rubber-soled shoes easy on the floor, there is even something slightly fastidious about the way Holzman efficiently scoops up a loose ball, pivots smartly and, snapping his wrists for the desired underspin, lets fly with a hoary two-handed set shot. The ball drops through the basket 20 feet away.

"Awright," squeals Stallworth, who was watching the shot.

"Dave the Rave," the coach says, almost to himself. "Dave the Rave."

A moment later Holzman assembles his players under one basket. "You're making screens like you don't know what the hell you're doing," he advises them, then starts the second team off on offense against the first. After a play or two he stops them again and addresses Bowman. "That screen's no good, Nate," he says. "You know why it's no good? It's no good because you're not in position. And you know what happens when you're not in position? You're moving when you shouldn't, and that's why you get into foul trouble."

The players run through it again, but

Holzman is still not satisfied. "Watch the old man do it," he says. Bowman steps aside. As the play unfolds, Cazzie has the ball, and Holzman, playing on the same team, shuffles toward him and positions himself solidly, like a football blocking back. Cazzie drives toward the basket, and the man guarding him, Bradley, has to dance to get past Holzman, a delour—the purpose of the screen—that allows Cazzie to score. Holzman turns to Bowman. "If I were as big as you he'd really have to go some to get around me," he says, and the team runs through more screens.

Holzman, now 49, has grown up with the NBA. He played for the Rochester Royals (now Cincinnati) and coached for Ben Kerner's teams in Milwaukee and St. Louis before becoming New York's chief scout in 1958. Always regarded as an excellent teacher who could turn half-coached collegians into complete players, he only began to win acceptance as a leader of men when he took over the floundering Knicks early in the 1967-68 season. While obviously a tribute to Holzman, New York's success also helps dispel the persistent notion that the All-Americans in the NBA do not require teaching, that all a coach has to do is get them to the airport on time.

Frazier recalls some help he received at a critical period: "I was starting to doubt myself. I was wondering if I could really make it in this league. I wasn't playing much, and when I did get in I was blowing opportunities. Coming back from Philadelphia—on the bus, I think it was—Red said, 'C'mon over here, Clyde.' I sat down and he said, 'I know you're better than you're showing out there, because I scouted you in college myself.' We had a man-to-man talk, and it gave me the shot of confidence that I needed."

Then Holzman told Frazier he was slowing down the offense by dribbling too much from side to side. "Red said that if I was going to do all that dribbling I should at least head for the basket. Try to penetrate. It's a simple thing when you think about it, but it took Red to spot it and make me aware of it."

As the Knicks were continuing to reduce to six teams the NBA's Eastern Division to the six teams in search of the three remaining playoff berths, Cincinnati's

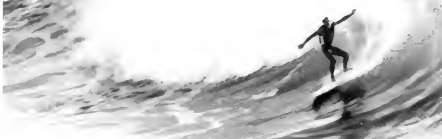
Cousy said, "They won't lose 15 games all year," a showing that would put them right alongside the best-ever 68-13 record of the Philadelphia 76ers three seasons back. In the playoffs, however, it is entirely possible that a squad with some muscle—Milwaukee, Baltimore, San Francisco—could defeat New York in a short series. A man of many moods, one of which is, "Never worry about things you can't control," Holzman says about that possibility. "If we lose a game we'll go home, eat something, have a few whiskies and think it over." His no-sweat approach has its advantages. Says Frazier, "When you're out there in a tight situation and you look over at the bench and you see Red sitting there looking relaxed the way he does, it can calm you down." But let's just imagine, for the sake of starting something, that somebody important on the Knicks, say Willis Reed, gets sidelined by one of those injuries that seem to be crippling everybody else in the NBA. Holzman refuses to be led by the question. "I'm not going to worry about Willis falling into a manhole until it happens," he says. "Don't talk to me about things like that. Talk to me about disasters and I'll listen."

"What's a disaster?"

"A disaster is when you get home and you're out of Scotch."

Those New York fans may be harder to please these days than Holzman. Against the Phoenix Suns the other night Reed scored 37 points, and you actually heard moans and groans when he missed two free throws. DeBusschere hit 25 but he caused some grumbling when he allowed himself to get into foul trouble, and he was only guarding Connie Hawkins. Instead of having their usual hot shooting nights, Barnett contented himself with a dozen assists, which was a new career high, and Frazier had four steals, which wasn't. The Knicks won 128-114. But for many in the Garden this was the night that Phoenix succeeded in narrowing the gap to seven points in the fourth quarter, the night that the Minutemen missed nine shots and the night that the only Knick who played up to par—didn't make a single mistake, that is—was Bill Bradley. It was not, in sum, the kind of performance that people who pay \$5, \$6 and \$7 for their seats have come to expect from their amaz'n' Knicks. **END**

DOO WA DIDDIE SQUIGGLY WIGGLIES: GET LOST!



No California wave could be that big, but still it grew, and as it did a dwarfed surfer floated up its face, five feet, 10 feet, 13 feet to its curling peak and suddenly he stood erect, sliding into the yawning trough, a surfboard Astaire now, turning, switching feet, lost in what could have been a costly dream. This was a contest, and the judges could no longer see him. Still he rode. Other top surfers were nearby, and all wanted the biggest first prize in surfing history, \$1,500 donated by Smirnoff vodka. "I just forgot everything," Charles (Corky) Carroll said later. "I was really stoked." For 22-year-old Corky Carroll nothing, not even the \$1,500, which he won anyway, was worth more than being stoked.

"Taking off on a wave like that is like starting a downhill in skiing," he said. "Nothing else can be going through your mind. If you think about prize money or the price of surfboards you're through." True, but if someone didn't think about such things Corky Carroll might be suffering behind a desk somewhere, very unstoked. Surfing is a business as well as an art, and only one branch is conducted on a board; others, like surfing journalism, equipment and fashions, make the idyllic life of a top professional possible. In 1967 Corky Carroll won *Surfer* magazine's Most

Popular Surfer poll; last year he won 10 contests, only one for money—\$400—but raked in another \$28,600 from endorsements, mostly of surfboards and Jantzen swimwear.

Smirnoff's International Pro-Am offered a total purse of \$4,350—like the first prize, an all-time high for a surfing contest. Nowadays most surfers are health food nuts, but few complained about being sponsored by a vodka firm. Robert Scott, 42, the meet director, president of the Western Surfing Association and a doctor of medicine, justified the tie-up quite easily. "I wouldn't like to see a cigarette company sponsor a meet," he said, "but alcohol is a form of food, an adjunctive, a casual delator. I have wine with all my meals."

A Smirnoff representative explained his company's role. "Surfing is in the same position as snow skiing 25 years ago," he said. "We're looking for promotions relating to such trends, and as the sport grows so will our participation." There were some dubious looks. "We're emphasizing that it's no longer fashionable to be drunk," he added.

Still, by the meet's final day, had Smirnoff provided, even the surfers would willingly have been unfashionable. To put it mildly, there were problems. The contest was held at Santa Cruz Stream-

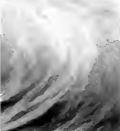
er Lane, where there is a shelf of 15- to 20-foot cliffs. The night before competition began, someone pushed the judges' stands over a cliff into the boiling surf, following them with a VW bus. The next day a spectator tripped and went the same route. In the first hour of professional competition at least six custom-made boards were destroyed when they were driven by the surf against rocks at the base of the cliffs.

Then things really got bad. The waves almost disappeared, those competing at the time refused to continue and Dr. Scott was faced with the first strike in surfing history, led by Corky Carroll. That night, following an earthquake in Alaska, the Coast Guard issued a tidal wave alert for the Santa Cruz area and Dr. Scott had an extra glass of wine. He is an ardent surfer himself, and four months ago he sold a house and gave up a lucrative practice in Gilroy, Calif. to be nearer good surf. But now he yearned for trees and farms. And the worst was yet to come.

The last morning's competition was moved 25 miles south to Moss Landing, but in less than an hour the wind shifted and the surf became blown out. Everyone tried to leave at once and the Highway Patrol had to be called out to untangle the traffic jam on the road back

The richest (\$4,350 in prizes) surfing contest in history had too many problems to be patient with townies who contended that the sport was 'a free man's art'

by DAN LEVIN



to Steamer Lane. Before the meet ended, five surfboards were stolen from two Hawaiian surfers. And thieves weren't the only dissidents. Several local surfers weren't giving up their favorite spot just because of a contest. Time and again they created confusion in the judges' stands, where glare had already hindered surfer identification. Finally, Dr. Scott sent out a squad of bullyboys.

"Freedom fighter!" one yelled to a townie. "10 guys are waiting for you on the beach."

"I'd rather be a freedom fighter than a goose-stepping pig," the townie retorted. "Surfing is a free man's art," he said later. "I just want to be able to ride waves."

The most serious trouble, however, originated on the judges' platform; truly objective scoring is nearly impossible in surfing. There are biases, like doing turns and cutbacks and not falling off, but, of course, no two waves are the same. And at Santa Cruz there was this thing about adding scores. Three or four times, mistakes in addition were made, and with \$1,500 riding on each one there was much screaming.

Then, at about 3 p.m. the surf began to build from five to 10, to what some observers estimated as an astonishing 16 feet. More than 5,000

stoked spectators arrayed along the cliff tops watched as the finalists paddled out. Immediately, one surfer disappeared under a 15-foot wave, and it seemed minutes before he reappeared, bobbing to the surface like a soap chip in a child's bath. Everyone stuck to smaller waves after that.

An agile young surfer named Dru Harrison won the \$800 second prize, but tall, slim David Nuuhwa (pronounced, appropriately, new-wave-uh), who took \$500 for third place, was perhaps the meet's most graceful performer. Unlike Corky Carroll, he rarely moves on his board. Rather he moves the board itself, up and down waves, turning in and out of the breaking edge. Nuuhwa, 22, is one of the most unusual-looking young men in sport, his father is German-Hawaiian, his mother is Japanese and he

has the imperious look of an Aztec king.

Still, Corky Carroll delivered the weekend's most memorable performance. His tanned, gremmie face is familiar to surfers everywhere. He is the Puck of surfing, and ashore he dressed accordingly: a red and blue wet suit, a corduroy jacket and a black felt Indian hat. During amateur and junior competition he filled in on the announcer's stand. He was the first to take on the surf crashers. "Out there are a few doo wa diddie squiggly wiggles," came the high voice over the crowd. "We'd really dig it if you left, Pleasure Point's better anyway. Eight feet, perfect shape, naked girls, dealers." When someone took a bad wipeout in the kelp at low tide he said: "A little soup, a little kelp, leaves you swimming and yelling for help."

Corky Carroll began this dual role early, riding his first wave in 1956, when he was 8. "I was the cockiest bigmouthed gremmie on the coast," he says of his days in Surfside Colony, Calif., where he was brought up. He didn't win his first contest until 1982, but the next year he took the U.S. Junior Championship, and he has won the Seniors three times. At the world championships he finished third in 1966 and eighth in 1968. In all he has won more than 50 contests. As a youngster Carroll lived across the street from the beach, on low land, and more than one winter high tide flooded his living room. "Living room surf is lousy," he says. "When I wiped out I'd have to stand in the back door, wait for my board to come by, then paddle back across the street."

Living room surf may be a product of Corky Carroll's imagination, but soon, he fears, there may be no surfing at all. Each year there are fewer California surfing areas open to the public. "You may be seeing the end of an era right now," he says, "the pre-surfatorium era."

For Corky Carroll, though, such periods of doomsday thinking are rare. Out on the waves he lives in the present, which is how he likes it. Recently he got tired of knowing what time it was, so he threw his watch away. "I looked at it one day," he said, "and didn't know why. Surfing sure is a weird trip."

END



Corky Carroll won first prize of \$1,500

JACK'S COURSE IS ARNIE'S, TOO

Jack Nicklaus helped design the attractive 18-hole layout in Hilton Head, S.C. where the Heritage Classic was held, but it was Arnold Palmer, playing like his old self, who looked as if he owned it **by DAN JENKINS**

In a dolled-up swamp off the coast of South Carolina's low country and on an island with more dripping moss and crooked magnolias than you would find in a dozen Civil War novels, Jack Nicklaus made his debut as a golf-course designer last week before the toughest possible audience—his fellow touring pros. These included his friendly rival, Arnold Palmer, who seized the occasion to show Jack and everybody else how the magnificent course ought to be played.

It was a unique Thanksgiving holiday for professional golf. The fact that there was any sort of tournament being played anywhere in the midst of so much football frenzy around the country must have caught thousands of people by surprise. There was nothing in the TV log about it, right? Right. What was this Heritage Classic, anyhow? And where is this Hilton Head Island where Nicklaus had carved out a course among trees and marsh and where Palmer had done that thing he used to do so often? Like win.

Well, the Heritage was a regular PGA tour event played on a new layout called the Harbour Town Golf Links, and it was worth \$100,000, as are many of those other classics that come and go. But aside from these things, it had a good many distinctions that are likely to make it a true-to-life misalliance of the fall golf season, not the least of which is the simple fact that it will now be remembered as the tournament, course and resort where America's favorite hard body, Palmer, came back from bad times to win a tournament.

One of the more curious aspects of the week was that Palmer was able to win on a course that suited him about like a wig, thick sideburns and a protest poster. Harbour Town is some golf course, folks, just about the best new

course that anyone has built in ages, a brutally narrow, abeuptly twisting tangle of brooding pines, oaks, palmettos and magnolias with tiny greens guarded by wriggling bunkers and fierce marshes. Hit the ball just slightly off line at Harbour Town and you need Sheriff Ramey and them dogs to go fetch it. In an era when architects for some reason enjoy giving us 7,000-yard courses with greens the size of a supermarket parking lot, Nicklaus and his partner, Pete Dye, have done the opposite. They have used great imagination and given us nothing short of a work of art.

Harbour Town, first of all, is only 6,655 yards long. Merion size, you might say. Second, it is perfectly natural. There are no fake mounds, no elevated greens or tees. Nicklaus and Dye, a 43-year-old former insurance salesman and old amateur golfing chum of Jack's, simply took the land made available to them by the Sea Pines Plantation Company and did what they wished. "We did what was fun, interesting and different to us," Nicklaus said. "But we did what seemed natural, we tried to make each hole distinctive and give it a look that went with the land."

And this they surely did. Harbour Town winds up playing to a par of 71 with two finishing holes right on the bay similar to Pebble Beach. What Nicklaus and Dye may well have created, in fact, is Pebble Beach East.

"We were certainly influenced by Pebble," said Jack, who spent the week giving some chase to Palmer, making a film and mainly receiving raves from the pros for his architectural effort. "There's some Pebble here, but also some Scioto, Merion and Pine Valley."

There are even some gentle hints of Scotland on the layout, although Hilton Head, being 44 miles or so from Sa-

vannah, is about as close to the sacred grounds as country ham and red-eye gravy. For examples, there are what the architect would call wastelands, meaning hazards filled only with dirt, as one finds in Scotland, and there are bunkers patched deep and right up against the edge of putting surfaces, the sides of which are walled with planks, as one also finds in Scotland, and there are bunkers outlined by railroad ties, which are very big in Scotland. Such things, set beneath the moss, give Harbour Town an eerie old-fashioned look. In a sense, there is a crazy bringing together of two unrelated old worlds on this course at Hilton Head, both of which fairly reek with charm.

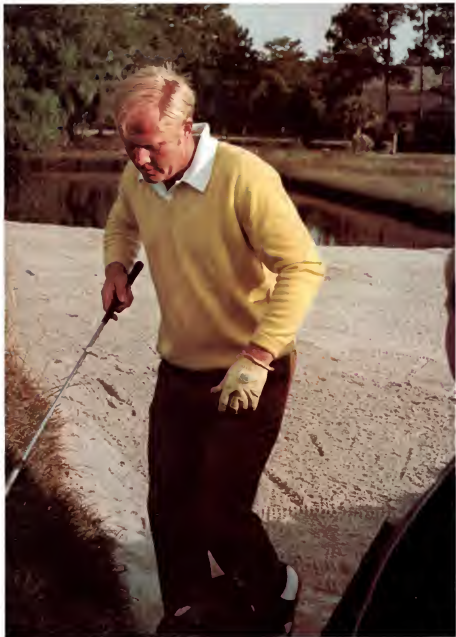
There can hardly be a more fascinating 18th hole anywhere than the one Nicklaus and Dye conclude their masterpiece with. It is a rugged 458-yard par-4 requiring two shots over the bay to a hanging, thimble-sized green backdrop by a lighthouse. But as one leaves the green to stroll back through the foliage to the clubhouse, one comes across a rather miraculous landmark. It is a small decayed cemetery, ringed by a spiral-rail fence and almost totally covered by limbs and moss. It is dark even in brilliant sunlight, and high grass creeps up around the handmade gravestones of the black field hands who have been put to rest there. Winnie Palmer, seeing it for the first time as she followed Arnold's 68 in the first round, couldn't get over the atmosphere that the old cemetery gave to the final hole.

"It's really incredible," she said to a friend as she stood outside the clubhouse with one of her daughters, Peggy,

continued

Surrounded by water, sand and railroad ties, Palmer and George Archer line up putts.





13. "Suddenly, you come onto this old colored graveyard."

"Oh, go, mom, go," said Peggy, taking offense at her mother's choice of words.

Several graveyards were needed to bury the golfers after Harbour Town had eaten them alive. They all agreed that they had used every club in their bags in 18 holes, that it was strictly a target course that afforded gamble after gamble both on tee shots and approaches, that it might be a bit too severe in spots but that, by gosh, it was about the most different thing they had ever seen on the tour.

Nicklaus was accused of having designed a course that is thoroughly unsuited to his own game, Jack being a big hitter who likes some room. "You've built a course for you to practice the talent shots on," someone told him.

Jack laughed and said, "The truth is, this is the kind of course I really like. The kind that makes you play good golf shots. You have to play a definite end of the fairway depending on where the pin is or you haven't got a shot. You have to play to the side of the green where the pin is or you'll have to use a wedge over a bunker from one side of the green to the other. You've also got the option of going with a driver and, say, an eight-iron to a certain hole, or going with a one-iron and five-iron. This is what golf should be."

Nicklaus is so delighted with the way Harbour Town has turned out—he and Pete Dye will change only four holes when they get time—he might select a third or fourth homestead for himself along that 18th fairway not too near the graveyard but reasonably close to the yacht basin by the lighthouse. And here is another thing that Harbour Town is all about—resort development.

The Sea Pines Plantation Company, headed by a friendly Southerner named Charles Fraser, would very much enjoy turning Hilton Head into the greatest place on the Eastern Seaboard, and the worst thing that Florida ever heard of. The Fraser brothers, Charles and Joe, started developing the island only 13 years ago after it had languished as nothing more than a couple of vast plan-

tations for nearly 300 years since that day in 1663 when Captain William Hilton, master of the good ship *Adventure*, discovered it. The Frasers first built the Sea Pines Plantation Club with its two golf courses and then they started selling homes and home plots to a variety of retired generals and admirals, or anyone else who loved golf, the good air and white beaches of the Gulf Stream and the crab soup.

The idea for Nicklaus and Dye to design a third course at Sea Pines was Charles Fraser's, who understood the publicity value of having a Nicklaus golf course. He also wanted a tournament to attract further attention, something different, and the Heritage Classic, a Thanksgiving week affair, small and intimate, is what he came up with. Hilton Head is so exclusive the Heritage Classic didn't even want people. The sponsors limited the gallery to a sparse 5,000 for the week at \$20 to \$30 a ticket. As a result, it was the easiest golf tournament anyone ever tried to watch, and the smallest army Arnie ever had rooting for him.

Thus was something of a shame, as it turned out. The fact is that Arnold Palmer has rarely played better golf than he did on that tight little island. He drove the ball beautifully straight through those confined fairways and sent his short irons high and biting into the small patches where one hoped a green might be. He did not putt so well. If he had, he might have won the tournament by a dozen shots, for he seemed always to be nestled up close to the flag.

Arnold was also feeling good. Since late August he has been doing 50 sit-ups every morning and 50 sit-ups every evening for the old hip hurt, and he was in a very pleasant frame of mind about his golf—almost as if he had reconciled himself to the fact it would all come back sooner or later if he only stopped pressing so hard and worrying about it.

Finally, however, he was fired up about playing on Jack's course, and on a course that he wasn't supposed to be able to play well. Arnold chose to joke about the course as much as anything. "Jack and Pete are very big on railroad ties," he said. But in a serious moment he admitted he thought that what they had done was pretty special. And he enjoyed the challenges that Harbour Town presented. When Palmer opened the tournament with a three-under 68 that

might easily have been a 64 or better, Winnie said, "I've got a feeling this might be the week something happens."

The second day in a dreary mist Arnold got away from Harbour Town with a commendable 71 and he was tied with Tom Weiskopf for the 36-hole lead, Weiskopf having shot a fantastic 65. "I stole a good score with a bad round," Arnold said. "That's what you have to do on a course like this." Weiskopf's round, meanwhile, bewildered the pros. "A 65 on that thing," said Art Wall, "has to be one of the great rounds of all time." Weiskopf grinned and explained, "I wasn't living in a very real world today."

On Saturday Palmer played his best golf after a shaky start, simply drilling the ball into the pins, shooting a 70 and moving three strokes ahead of the field, thanks to a double bogey by Designer Nicklaus on his scenic 18th.

All that remained was for Palmer to beware of the magnolias and moss, the railroad ties and waste bunkers, the ocean lagoons, a meandering alligator here and there, 12 million or so pines and oaks and a graveyard. This he did with only one real moment of suspense as the Harbour Town course continued to bewilder the field. Palmer went out on a cool clear Sunday and shot a three over 74, which was plenty good enough to win with a 72-hole total of 283. This was one under par and three strokes ahead of his nearest pursuer, Dick Crawford and Bert Yancey.

Palmer and Crawford were paired together, and the gradual eroding of Arnold's good putting stroke—he three-putted three times—coupled by some excellent scrambling by Crawford had slowly drawn them within one stroke of each other when they reached the 71st tee. By this time no one else was close and practically the entire island of Hilton Head was in their gallery.

Both players failed to reach the green on this marvelous par-3 hole, which sort of goes out forever to a little plot of ground floating in the sea. It was Arnold who hit the better approach, and here his putting stroke returned. He rammed down a six-footer for a par while Crawford bogeyed, and he then played safely past the cemetery for his first victory as a 40-year-old trooper and his first since September of 1968. Arnold Palmer was the real Arnold Palmer again, and on a Jack Nicklaus golf course. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE BILSON

Architect Nicklaus, having made his own bed of rough, now finds his golf ball lying in it.

Aerosol king Bob Abplanalp, his \$50-million business soaring along, has turned a fertile mind back to his first love, fishing. The result: blue angelfish for everyone

SPITMOUTH PUFFERS IN THE LIVING ROOM

by ROBERT H. BOYLE





When Bob Ahplanalp was a boy, he used to go black fishing in Long Island Sound. Other kids might wear themselves out chasing fiddler crabs for bait, but Ahplanalp got a better idea from his father. At low tide he sank a row of tin cans in the mud and herded the crabs toward them. Crabs fell in by the dozens.

Ingenuity runs in the family, and Bob picked up a good share of it. Faced with a challenge nowadays, ideas light up in his head, not so much like the bulb in the funnies but more like an exploding theater marquee. He holds more than 100 patents, and 20 years ago he invented the first reliable aerosol valve, the gun that goes "ssssss" on top of a pressurized can. The company that this single invention started, Precision Valve Corporation of Yonkers, N.Y., now manufactures more than half the aerosol valves used in the world. Not many inventors make money on their brainchildren, but Ahplanalp has more than made up for the unfortunate saps who have failed. He is the sole owner of Precision Valve, and last year the company grossed more than \$50 million.

With no stockholders due an accounting, Ahplanalp has been able to do as he pleases with the profits, and as a result Precision Valve has flipped over fish. By way of example, subsidiaries of the company run a unique trout fishing preserve and hatchery in the Catskills, are planning to raise and market hitherto expensive tropical marine fish for home aquarists and own almost a dozen islands in the northern Bahamas, including Walker's Cay, one of the finest big game fishing camps in the world.

Now 47, Ahplanalp is a hulky 6-footer

built along the lines of a beer hall bouncer. His manner is affable and down to earth, and his employees call him Bob. His idea of a good time is to spend the day fishing and the evening playing poker with friends, such as Joe Trombetta, an old schoolmate who is a vice-president of Precision Valve, and Bill Ruppel, a former mate on Ahplanalp's sport-fisherman who now runs the trout operation. One of Ahplanalp's closest friends is President Nixon, who sometimes vacations at Grand Cay, seven miles from Walker's. Ahplanalp, who acquired Grand Cay on a long term lease, has enlarged a house there for the President's use, but he makes it a rule not to discuss his friendship with Nixon because, he says, the President has a right to personal privacy.

Of Swiss extraction he was born and raised in the Bronx. His father Hans, known as Pop around Precision Valve, was a machinist. After settling in the U.S. he began fishing in Long Island Sound and often took his son along. At home Pop spent hour upon hour teaching Bob all there was to know about machine tools. "When I was 7, I knew how to run a lathe," Ahplanalp says. "My father and I took care of all the household repairs." Pop earned a comfortable living, and Bob went to Fordham Prep, a Jesuit school, and then to Villanova to study engineering. He stayed only two years, returning to the Bronx, not unhappily, to open his own machine shop, R. H. Ahplanalp & Co.

World War II had just started and, as Ahplanalp jokes, "I thought I was going to be a war profiteer." Before the profits started rolling in, Pearl Harbor was bombed and he spent three years

continued

in the Army where he served with a railroad battalion in France.

After the war Abplanalp went back to his machine shop and all but starved for the next several years. "There were many weeks when I was lucky to take \$10 out of the operation," he says. "There were times when I wished I could have gotten the hell out and found a job." He hung on by making all kinds of parts for a variety of machinery, ranging from lace knitting looms to electronic gear. Then one June afternoon in 1949 his luck took a turn.

A washing machine customer, John J. Baessler, stopped by with a problem. He had started distributing a line of aerosol products, which were new at the time, but buyers complained that the valves leaked. Baessler wondered if they could not be made reliable. "After we talked for several hours," Abplanalp recalls, "I said, 'Leave all the stuff here and I'll look at it.' I did and I got absorbed in the problem." For three months Abplanalp devoted himself to aerosol valves. He dissected them to find out why and how they leaked. Having his own machine shop gave him a great advantage. He was able to design a new part, cut it himself and test it immediately. If it did not work, he tried another approach. Baessler introduced Abplanalp to Fred Lodes, who was working for a chemical company, and Lodes gave him a crash course in the chemistry and physics of aerosol containers. By September 1949, Abplanalp had invented a new and dependable valve, made of seven simple metal, plastic and rubber parts, for which he was later granted U.S. patent #2,631,814. That same month, Abplanalp, Baessler and Lodes formed the Precision Valve Corporation as equal partners. Sales were meteoric, and Abplanalp was eventually able to buy out his partners by 1962. Precision Valve now has 2,000 employees, plants in Yonkers and Chicago, additional plants in Mexico, Canada, France, Argentina, Japan, West Germany, South Africa and Australia and a licensee in Great Britain.

Precision Valve's entry into the world of fish came more or less by accident four years ago when a company attorney urged Abplanalp to buy an Adirondack estate on Tupper Lake that belonged to another client. Abplanalp bought the place with the idea of using it as a retreat for Precision Valve em-

ployees or customers. Then he wondered if trout could not be raised there. He formed a subsidiary, Adirondack Fisheries, but for various reasons no trout were ever raised there. Instead, two years ago Adirondack Fisheries acquired a privately owned trout hatchery at Eldred in the Catskill Mountains.

The hatchery was enlarged, and public fishing ponds, now stocked with brook, brown, golden, rainbow and tiger trout, were dug. Admission is 50¢, with an additional charge of 52¢ a pound for each trout caught. A fisherman may sell his catch back to the preserve for \$1 a pound or trade his fish for smoked trout. No fishing license is required, and there is no closed season. A snack bar and a picnic grove are on the premises, and attendants are on hand to teach youngsters the art of fly casting.

Although the pond fishing at Eldred was an instant success, Abplanalp realized it was not the sort of angling to attract the dry fly purist. Last spring Adirondack Fisheries opened a half-mile stretch of Halfway Brook, which flows through the preserve, for fly fishing only. Trout average more than a pound, and no more than 10 licensed fishermen a day are allowed on the stream. The charge is a flat \$10 a day per angler with a limit of 10 fish.

Inasmuch as the Eldred hatchery can easily raise a quarter of a million trout a year, Abplanalp has plans to establish similar preserves elsewhere. He also has toyed with the idea of shipping live fish to markets and restaurants. "We cannot market frozen fish in competition with trout hatcheries in Denmark or Colorado," he says, "but we can compete delivering live fish. Live fish command a premium because people know they're fresh." For the past couple of years a truck has made a number of trial runs transporting live fish from the Catskills to Yonkers.

When the experiment began, Abplanalp thought about the possibilities of a one-piece aquarium unit to carry the fish. His thinking did not stop there. It so happens that Precision Valve has two subsidiaries, U.S. Thermo-Plastics and Tirus, which manufacture plastics that the corporation uses to make valves. These subsidiaries are headed by Dr. Hans Halfer, a nephew of Baessler and a scientist Abplanalp calls "one of the world's great polymer chemists." Perhaps Halfer and the subsidiaries could

make aquariums not just for trout but for tropical marine fish as well. Regular aquarium tanks made of metal corrode when filled with salt water. There was another problem. A saltwater aquarium, whether made of plastic or metal, is usually a chancy affair, primarily because the self-contained water can become polluted. The whole tankful then goes bad, and everything dies, from sea anemones to angelfish. As a result the market for tropical saltwater aquariums has never come near to realizing its potential.

Abplanalp thought the problems could be solved. While Halfer and the subsidiaries worked on the basic tank, Abplanalp hired a couple of marine biologists, Dr. Henry Feddern and John Sahol of the Institute of Marine Sciences (since renamed Rosenstiel School of Marine and Atmospheric Sciences) at the University of Miami, and put them to tinkering in a lab at the Precision Valve headquarters in Yonkers. They tested plastic filters and protein skimmers that would automatically remove the wastes. The experiments were a success, and Abplanalp plans to start manufacturing a complete saltwater aquarium unit next spring. All a hobbyist need do is plunk down his money for a unit (a 20-gallon aquarium should cost between \$30 and \$60), take it home, plug it in and stock it with fish to have instant Caribbean right in his living room.

When it became obvious that a fool-proof saltwater unit could be built, Abplanalp still was not satisfied. "What good does it do to sell a unit like this if you don't have fish to put into it?" he asked. There, seemingly, was another problem: most saltwater tropicals have to be netted in the wild and shipped vast distances, with all sorts of attendant dangers, and they are usually expensive and beyond the purse of the average hobbyist, the very customer Abplanalp wants to reach. For instance, the blue angelfish, a common species in the Caribbean, sells for as much as \$15 in the aquarium stores of New York City. Abplanalp told Feddern and Sahol to see if some species could be bred in captivity. After scoring a breakthrough in Yonkers with the neon goby, they have since moved down to Miami where Precision Valve is setting up a pilot hatchery.

Two years ago, when Abplanalp first thought of breeding tropical fish, he looked for a native setting where they

continued

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could be raised in great numbers. He began buying islands in the northern Bahamas. Then he discovered that the islands he was acquiring were zoned against commercial use, and, moreover, the Bahamian government was skeptical of the whole venture, especially since Abplanalp had unknowingly hired a consultant who was wanted for taking protected fish from Bahama waters. To allay fears, Abplanalp discontinued the consultant's services and turned to scientists at the Institute of Marine Sciences for advice. As a result, Abplanalp was able to overcome the skepticism of the Bahamian government, and a new Precision Valve subsidiary bought nearby Walker's Cay, which was zoned for commercial use since it had been a game fishing resort for more than 30 years. "Walker's Cay will serve as the basic site of this whole concept of saltwater fish raising and breeding," Abplanalp says. "We'll be using our own breed stock. We're not going to rape the reefs or exploit the islands. I think this breeding will become a new industry for the Bahamas, and I like the idea of developing something new and different."

Werner Geiser, a former curator of fish at the Zurich Zoo, is in charge of the Bahamian breeding operations. It is coincidence that Geiser happens to be Swiss. Abplanalp simply hired the best man available and, in landlocked Zurich, Geiser demonstrated that he had a truly wet thumb by successfully breeding and raising two dozen different species of marine tropical fish for the first time anywhere. "Ya, I bred, ymck, two dozen, ya, about two dozen," says Geiser, who is just learning English. "Puffer fish I breed first in der world. Den der spit-mouth puffer from Zambéza." If Abplanalp has any fears, it is that Geiser will not live to complete his work. An enthusiast of nature in the raw, Geiser is fond of chumming for sharks at night in the harbor at Walker's and then diving in to watch them feed.

When Abplanalp bought Walker's Cay, he was uncertain about what to do with the fishing camp. It had been run as a sort of "mom and pop" operation and was in need of repair. After thinking things over and doing a lot of fishing himself, he decided to enlarge the accommodations and make them plush. The camp will reopen on March 1, 1970, and the daily rates are \$35 single and

(continued)

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ABPLANALP continued

\$45 double. European plan. A one-day sport-fisherman charter is \$130, 22-foot inboards and outboards are \$70 and Boston Whalers are \$35 a day. Cost of all boats includes guide, tackle and bait.

Without question Walker's is a spectacular island. One hundred acres in size, it is 50 miles to the east of the Gulf Stream, and the weather is delightfully cool. Twelve world records have been set at Walker's, and some of the best fishing is to be had only five minutes away from the old hotel. An angler can wade nearby flats for bonefish, cast off the reefs for snappers, jig in the deeper holes for groupers or troll at sea for blue marlin, white marlin, sailfish, dolphin, wahoo, bonito and bluefin tuna.

A year ago last summer, while trying to figure out what to do with the fishing camp, Abplanalp landed a 535-pound blue marlin. As pleasant as this was, his favorite fishing at Walker's is to troll live bait for wahoo or king mackerel. Just before the fish strikes, Abplanalp can see the bait squirm, moving the outrigger; when the fish does strike, it often leaps 25 feet into the air. "Getting the slack out of the line and setting the hook then takes some doing," says Abplanalp. "I don't know of any fishing to beat it."

This past summer Abplanalp spent more than two months on Walker's, supervising enlargement of the camp, the building of breeding pens and improving the airstrip. One major problem was finding a new source of fresh water, and Abplanalp set himself to the task of seeing what he could devise. To be brief, he has invented what he believes to be a revolutionary way of desalting seawater, and the gismo he thought up can convert salt water into fresh water at a very low cost. Abplanalp's invention, for which he is now seeking patents, obviously has great potential, not just for Walker's but in providing fresh water for arid parts of the world, such as Southern California and the warring Middle East. If it works out as Abplanalp hopes it will, the invention will be one of the greatest boons to mankind since the wheel.

Is Bob Abplanalp, boy crab catcher turned aerosol tycoon, happy about all this? Yes, and maybe no. "You know," he says with a sigh, "I've been so damn busy working on this freshwater thing that I just haven't had time to do any serious fishing."

END

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YOU CAN'T TOP A GOOD LOSER

For football bettors, like the pseudonymous Chad Clarke, the best teams are often those that have lost more games than they've won—but have consistently beaten the point spread **by MARK MULVOY**

According to Chad Clarke, the Atlanta Falcons and the Boston Patriots, which between them have won only seven of their 23 games, are the best teams in pro football. Chad Clarke is a bettor, and the Falcons have beaten the point spread eight times in 11 games, while the Patriots have covered the spread in 10 out of 12. As you can see, the great thing about Chad Clarke's league is that you can win a game there that you lose in either of Pete Rose's leagues. For example, the Falcons dropped a 17-7 game to the Los Angeles Rams in the NFL but won the same game in the Beat the Point Spread League because they lost by only 10 points, not by more than 15, as the bookies had it. In the AFL the Patriots have lost twice to the New York Jets this season, 23-14 in Boston and 23-17 in New York, but in the BTPSL the Patriots won both games because the Jets were favored by 14 and 17, respectively.

"The biggest game of the pro season so far was Boston-Oakland," Chad says. "The Patriots were 17-point underdogs, and they were losing by 18 in the final minutes. The pressure was really on them not to lose by more than 17 points so that they could pick up another victory. With 2:55 left, they kicked a field goal and lost by only 15. That was a real squeaker."

In the colleges Chad disagrees with the polls that rated Ohio State No. 1 for nine weeks. "For my money, Stanford is No. 1," he says. "Sure, Stanford lost two games and tied another, while Ohio State lost only once. But in beat-the-point-spread play Stanford was #1. [Its 21-7 victory over Washington was off the board, most likely because of the suspensions and defections of Washington's blacks.] That school's a real powerhouse. If a father had bet on Stanford every week he could send his kid there."

For gamblers like Chad Clarke, who in real life and under his real name is in the advertising business, betting football is a serious matter. "You need a good scouting report and a solid game plan if you expect to beat the bookies every week," he says. "Most people who lose money betting on football games just don't do their homework. For instance, if some college quarterback is having fights with his girl friend, I know all about it."

Chad spends almost \$1,000 a season for information and another \$300 on phone calls to informants and bookies. He subscribes to a dozen football publications, buys the special services and has his informants, like Clyde in Buffalo. "I've never met Clyde," says Chad. "I just dial this number and ask for Clyde. I don't know his last name, and for that matter I don't even know if Clyde really is Clyde. We were introduced over the phone through a mutual

STANDINGS IN THE POINT-SPREAD LEAGUE

COASTAL		CAPITOL		CENTURY		CENTRAL	
Atlanta 8-2-1		New Orleans 7-3-1		St. Louis 5-6		Minnesota 8-3	
NFL	San Francisco 6-5	Philadelphia 7-4		Pittsburgh 4-6-1		Detroit 7-4	
	Los Angeles 5-6	Dallas 6-5		New York 4-7		Green Bay 5-6	
	Baltimore 3-8	Washington 3-5-3		Cleveland 3-8		Chicago 4-7	
		EAST		WEST			
		Boston 10-2		Kansas City 8-3			
AFL	Houston 5-7	Denver 6-5					
	Miami 4-8	Cincinnati 6-6					
	Buffalo 4-8	Oakland 6-6					
	New York 4-8	San Diego 5-7					

The records reflect the number of times a team has beaten, failed to beat or tied the point spread. A tie is no bet. One game—Kansas City-Denver—was off the board because of key Kansas City injuries.

business acquaintance. All I do know is that the guy has a fantastic record. He's a speed and weather nut. He likes speed and weather every time."

The bettor's week begins on Monday when he gets his ready list. For the football player, the ready list is a selection of plays that the coaching staff expects to use most often that weekend. For the bettor, the ready list is a selection of games that his bookie will be handling. This particular week there were 44 games on Chad's R.L.—31 college and 13 pro. Alongside each game was a row of five boxes. The bookie provides that space so the bettor can keep track of fluctuations in the spreads during the week.

Chad called his bookie Monday noon for a report on the early college line. The bookie started with the 31 college games: "Miami six, North Carolina State 13½, Alabama six. . . ." A minute or two later he concluded with, "Houston 2½, nothing yet on Baylor-Texas A&M." The bookie's line on two of the games—Alabama by six over Clemson, and LSU by 10½ over Auburn—galvanized Chad into action. "I like to get a couple of tokens bet down on select games very early in the week, even though I don't have my scouting reports," he says. "Alabama was perfect. The Bear had lost two in a row, and I knew he wasn't going to lose three straight. Also, it was SEC against ACC, and the SEC is at least a touchdown better. In the LSU-Auburn game I figured LSU would win, but I didn't expect my Cajun boys to win by more than 10 since they were playing in the afternoon. [LSU usually plays its home games at night, which the oddsmakers consider an edge.] I also knew the spread would come down from 10½. So the half point was a big thing."

That night Chad called his bookie. "Give me Alabama, Auburn and North Carolina, all for six," he told him. In this case six meant \$600. On Tuesday Chad called the bookie to get the early line on the pros. "The Skins seven, Eagles 4½. . .," the bookie said, concluding with "and the Cowboys a big 15." One game, the Jets as 18-point favorites over the Patriots, struck Chad as a sure thing.

"I'll take Boston right now for five," he told the bookie. Chad isn't a great Jet fan. "They're a good team, a winning team, but they're not a class team yet," he says. "The other week they waited six seconds before they called a timeout late in a losing game. An alert team doesn't do something like that."

Chad's scouting reports began arriving in the Wednesday mail. "This is the *Gold Sheet*," he said, holding up a yellow newsletter. This week the *Gold Sheet*, which is printed in Los Angeles, led off with an aphorism: "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. . . but that's the way to bet."

One page of the 12-page *Gold Sheet* was an annotated Pigsan Prophecy. "GA, (HC) 38-KY, 13—Ray finds SEC not showing any mercy for ex-N.Damer," was a typical entry. Another page had Nationwide Key Releases, or games the *Gold Sheet* said were sure things, like USC over Georgia Tech, Notre Dame over Tulane, Missouri over Colorado and Mississippi over Houston. (Two of the sure things lost and only one, Notre Dame, beat the spread.)

The *Gold Sheet* also provided last week's game statistics, last year's game statistics for the coming weekend's opponents, pro selections, a special Handi-Football Ratings chart, a Ticker noting key injuries, a Gridiron Log, with the records of all major college teams, an analysis of college trends, and a unique Looking for an Angle section. One angle that week was that Frank Howard, the Clemson coach, graduated from Alabama in 1931 but hadn't won a game against an SEC school since 1961. (Clemson lost to Alabama that weekend, too.)

Later, the *Sports Weekly Football Newsletter* arrived from North Charleston, S.C. Speaking of Mississippi State the *Newsletter* reported: "QB Pharr took his squad over TexTech last wk and can do same thing here IF FlaState is looking forward to SoCaroU next week. Look for tuff game w/home side pulling it out." The *Newsletter* also picked its guaranteed winners in both the colleges and pros. "Notre Dame [over Tulane] by no less than 30," the sheet said, "and Baltimore [over San Francisco] as we have to believe the Colts have

found themselves at last." (Notre Dame won by 37, but the Colts lost.)

Chad studied the Notre Dame line. "Everybody's big on Parseghian this week," he said. "That's natural. Parseghian will keep his starters in as long as possible against helpless Tulane so he can run up an impressive score for the pollsters. He always runs the score on the little guys."

The actual countdown to kickoff began Friday noon when Chad's *CKO—Confidential Kick-Off*—arrives at his office, airmail special delivery, just before lunch. *CKO*, which is also printed in Los Angeles, costs \$5 a week. For his \$5, Chad gets *CKO*'s top six college picks and Late Flashes on various pro and college teams.

This particular week the picks were: Southern California over Georgia Tech, Stanford over UCLA, Alabama over Clemson, Brown over Colgate, Cornell over Yale and Oklahoma over Kansas State. The Late Flashes included such dynamite as, "DUKE continues to be decimated with additional injuries. Now star RB-Asack is thru for year following knee operation wounded in Maryland game. Both backup RBs were forced into action despite own personal ailments. Asack is key man in keeping defense honest and allowing QB-Hart time to throw."

Chad frowned when he noticed the selection of two Ivy League schools, Brown and Cornell. "I avoid the Ivies," he said. "They're too unpredictable. The quarterbackes sometimes spend Friday nights writing their theses instead of studying game plans."

Armed with this information, Chad called his bookie for the latest point spread: "C. here. What you got, Mr. B?" The bookie read off the latest spreads, skipping certain games on Chad's ready list with the explanation that those games were now off the board. One such was Notre Dame-Tulane. "That's gone from 22 to 29 this week," the bookie said, "so we dropped it." Chad told the bookie he would call back shortly.

Next Chad phoned a special service in Colorado that provides him with updated reports on all big-name teams and

continued

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A GOOD LOSER

also offers its top-four selections for Saturday's game. This week the Colorado service liked Minnesota (underdogs by seven points) against Michigan, Michigan State (favored by six) over Iowa, Alabama (favored by seven) over Clemson and Kansas (favored by six) over Iowa State.

Chad telephoned Clyde in Buffalo and told him what the Colorado service's selections were. Clyde snickered. "If they knew so much they wouldn't be peddling the stuff," he said. Clyde, however, was high on Alabama. "I called the Tennessee score except for the last touchdown," he said. "Now I think Alabama will blow Clemson right out of the tub. I like Kansas, too. They're flat. They've lost some games, but Rodgers won't let them get flat. He's that type of coach. Why does the service like Minnesota?" Chad said he would call the service Saturday morning, then call Clyde at 12:40 and let him know.

Later Friday night Chad called his bookie again. "I want Minnesota, Southern Cal, Kansas and Mississippi State—all for five," he said. "And let me have the Crimson Tide again for another six. In the pros let me have Vince Lombardi's Skrimps over the Steelers, Denver over Houston and Boston over New York again. All for five." The bookie said thanks and hung up. "I really like the 'Skimms,'" Chad said, "because Terry Hanratty's starting for the Steelers for the first time. That should be a couple of touchdowns' advantage right there."

On Saturday morning Chad called his Colorado service for an update. "Why are you so high on Minnesota?" he asked. "Chad," a voice said, "we understand Michigan is kind of down after losing to Michigan State big. Also, Minnesota has Carter and Mayer back, and both are ready to run well. This lets Brower move into the secondary, where he's needed the most. And remember that Hagen got 300-plus yards against Ohio State." Chad said, "Oh. I didn't know that. Now what about Kansas?" The service said, "Kansas' regular quarterback is out, but the backup, Phil Basler, is better anyway. We like them big."

Chad next called Clyde with the Colorado report. "Weather could be important at Minnesota," Clyde said. Chad agreed and said he would call Clyde back in a minute. He clicked the phone and got another dial tone, then dialed



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an airline reservation office. "Yes, ma'am," he said softly. "I'm flying to Minneapolis on your flight this afternoon, and I'd like to know what the weather is out there." The reservation clerk reported that it was partly cloudy and mild with little wind and the temperature in the high 50s. Chad thanked her, hung up and called Clyde again. "I guess I'd have to go with Minnesota now," Clyde said.

With kickoff time rapidly approaching, Chad called his bookie again. "What you got, Mr. B?" he said for about the 50th time that week. The bookie quoted some late odds changes, and Chad noted them on his ready list. "I'll call you right back," Chad said. Now he studied the odds, the scouting reports, *CKO*, the *Gold Sheet*, the *Football Newsletter* and everything else he could find. Then he picked up the phone and called his bookie.

"O.K., here's what I want," he said. "Minnesota, Mississippi State, Kansas, North Carolina State, Colorado, South Carolina and Kentucky—all for a dime [\$1,000]. Alabama again for four, the same for Michigan State and Washington. Let me have Florida for a nickel and California for two. What about Notre Dame?" The bookie said he wanted 26½ points. "O.K., let me have Notre Dame for a dime." As he turned on his television set to watch the Michigan State-Iowa game, Chad had placed 21 bets on 16 college games.

"Clyde said this would be a 'break' game," Chad said as the Iowa players were being introduced. "The only reason I bet it was that it's the game on TV." Chad watched a Michigan State player drop a touchdown pass, then went for his transistor and some Scotch. He turned the television sound down and turned on his radio for college scores.

As the TV game progressed, out-of-town scores were flashed on the screen. "That's wrong," he said, pointing to a score that had Kentucky leading Georgia 13-0. "I just heard on the radio that it was 10 to nothing for Georgia. Kentucky can beat Georgia, but not by 13 to nothing." He watched and listened. "I love you North Carolina," he shouted, listening to an early score that had the Tar Heels routing Wake Forest. "You know, the only thing exciting about this TV game is the out-of-town scores."

At halftime Chad called his bookie *continued*

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A GOOD LOSER *continued*

to check on the USC point spread. He had bet USC at 21½ over Georgia Tech Friday night, and if the spread dropped to 21 or lower he wanted to bet it again. No luck. USC was now a 22-point favorite. "Can I get a second-half bet on Michigan State-Iowa?" Chad asked. Michigan State was losing 9-3 at the half. Chad thought Iowa would win the game and that he would therefore lose the bet he had made earlier in the day, but he also figured Michigan State would outscore Iowa in the second half. Chad wanted to place a get-even bet on Michigan State. The bookie said he would give him Michigan State plus a half, and Chad said he would take it for the same money—four—he had bet earlier. "The only time you can bet with my bookie at halftime," he said, "is when the game is on television."

Michigan State outscored Iowa 15-10 in the second half but lost the game 19-18. So Chad wound up losing \$40, as he had to pay the vigorish (the 10% surcharge on losing bets) on his original bet. He won his bets on North Carolina, Alabama (three times), Colorado, South Carolina, California and Florida (all of which won), as well as Mississippi State (twice) and Auburn (both of which lost). However, he lost bets on USC, Minnesota (twice), Washington, North Carolina State, Kansas (twice) and Kentucky. That night at a dinner party, Chad called New Orleans and discovered he had won his Notre Dame bet, too. "Parseghian sent Thiersmann in to direct the final touchdown drive," Chad said. "Notre Dame won by 37."

So for his college bets Chad had a 13-9 record. On Sunday he called his bookie to check the final pro spreads. Nothing fascinated him, so he didn't bet. Instead, he went out to Shea Stadium to watch the Jet-Patriot game. Boston lost but beat the spread, and Denver lost its game but also beat the spread. Washington, Chad's fourth pro bet, beat Pittsburgh, but by only the seven points which the bookies had projected—a standoff—making Chad 3-0-1 in the pros. For the week he was 16-9-1. He bet \$16,700. He made \$2,970 after paying the vigorish.

"I can make more money playing the stock market," Chad said Sunday night. "But I like the action. As Jimmy the Greek once said, 'The next best thing to winning is losing.'"

END

Give the luck of the Scotch.



The image features a large, reflective silver Christmas ornament as the central focus. Inside the ornament, a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Scotch Whisky stands next to a red gift box wrapped in a red and green plaid ribbon. The background is a dark, textured surface resembling pine needles or branches, creating a festive holiday atmosphere.

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It's the biggest draw in Philadelphia

Army had won only three games and Navy one but 102,000 people showed up at JFK Stadium to watch Lynn Moore and the Cadets prove that mediocrity beats total ineptness

by PAT PUTNAM

By all logical standards the game shouldn't have drawn more than 146 people, which would be the combined traveling squads of Army and Navy, the coaching staffs, the six guys with the whistles and handkerchiefs and a spare guy to chase stray dogs. Anybody else shows up at last Saturday's Great Service Rivalry in Philadelphia, it's got to be by accident. Look at Navy. It has been sunk so many times this season even the goat is waterlogged. Instead of varsity letters the players should get Navy Crosses. Nine games, eight sinkings. They did manage to beat Virginia, but nobody will say if that was the girl or the school. "We couldn't make a first down running against a strong wind," said Coach Rick Forzano. In the nine games Navy ran up 98 points while holding its opponents to 280. "When Notre Dame put the women and children in there against us in the fourth quarter," said Forzano, "it was pretty embarrassing."

And then look at Army, a winner of only three of nine, and you have to go back to 1951 before finding the same two teams coming into their annual classic with records as ghastly. And then there's the football stadium, shipped in from ancient Rome and donated to the city by William Penn. It's the only public arena in the world with hot and cold running air coming out of the taps in the rest rooms. But, of course, they only open the old dump a couple of times a year and then only to give the cops a few laughs watching traffic jams. The rest of the year the historical society takes over, showing tourists where Thomas Jefferson sat on the 50-yard line to sign the Declaration of Independence.

Well, so much for logical standards. The fans poured in last Saturday, snarling the highways for miles in every direction, and they were poured off the Scotch Special, which the Penn-Central

runs every year out of New York. If you've ever ridden *that* railroad, you know why the fans drink. By the kick-off there were 102,000 of them jammed inside that old pile of cold stones. And suddenly came the beautiful thought that there wasn't a pro scout among them, that the young kids out there on the field weren't going on to the Bears or the Packers or the Jets next year, but to Vietnam, and instead of a bonus there'd be combat pay, and maybe that half-back can't run the 100 in 10 seconds—but he just might be the next guy to win a Congressional Medal of Honor. And, like that, snap! It no longer mattered what happened all the previous Saturdays, because this was something very special.

Because of Lynn Moore, a 205-pounder who runs like he should be playing for Texas or Southern Cal or Ohio State,

Army was favored by 10 points. The spread would have been higher, but it wasn't until halftime that the rumor got around that Tom Cahill, the Army coach, had threatened to leave his troops in Philly for a week if they lost. And by that time Army was leading by six points, and Navy was, well—nobody ever said you had to be a great football player to command a flagship.

The game opened with Army Quarterback Bernie Wall running a fake, and then the Cadets got serious. They drove to the Navy 25, missed a field goal, and if they didn't score they surely gave promise of what was to come. On the drive Moore carried twice for 24 yards, and the Middle defense dug in for a long, hard afternoon.

Army muscled Navy around for most of the first quarter, but it wasn't until the final minutes of the period that it re-

turned



HERO OF THE DAY LYNN MOORE VAULTS OVER NAVY LINE TO SCORE A TOUCHDOWN

ly got cranked up. And then it drove 39 yards, mostly on the running of Moore, who scored on a three-yard run just after they turned into the second quarter. The luck made it 7-0—for a few seconds, until an official announced that Navy had been offside and Army decided to go for two points, and missed. That made it 6-0, which is about the way this series has gone since the teams started playing each other in 1890. With five seconds left in the half and with the ball on the Navy 24, Army had a chance to pick up three more points with a field goal, but didn't when time ran out with the center still hent over the ball. This time, though, they got to keep all their points.

The second half was more of the same, only a lot more. Army scored the first two times it got the ball, on a six-yard pass from Wall to Tight End Mike Mascicello and then on a one-yard drive by Moore. It scored again in the fourth quarter, with Hank Andrzejczak running five yards for that one, and Army won 27-0 and got to leave Philadelphia

right after the game. Moore carried 40 times for 206 yards and finished the season just 17 yards shy of 1,000. "Damn," said Cahill later, "I wish I had known he was that close." Except for one play Moore didn't carry the last two times Army had the ball. "Sure, I knew I was close, and I would have loved to have had it," Moore said. "But it's up to the coach to play me or not to play me, and that's the way it should be."

And so Moore was on the sidelines when, with 38 seconds to play, Army was just trying to run out the clock. And the fans came pouring out onto the field to tear down both goalposts.

"What do we do now?" said an Army player.

"Just finish the game," said an official. "Just don't try any field goals."

And then, with five seconds to play, a fan came dashing out, scooped up the game ball and went racing off. Army's Don DeCoet, a 6' 2", 210-pound tackle, chased the fan into the crowd, recovered the ball and tossed it out onto the field. Army and Navy. Beautiful!

field and we can do something about that. The only time I worry about the polls is at the end of the season."

Ames, says Frank Broyles of Arkansas, whose Razorbacks will be trying to knock Texas off its perch, but Broyles also goes a step further, endorsing the polls for making "people do things they wouldn't do otherwise. I think they can lead to point-polling." Broyles himself votes in the UPI poll. "Yes, I vote for my own team," he said, "but I won't say in what position."

Nobody knows more about the fickleness of the polls than Ohio State's Woody Hayes, whose team was No. 1 all season until being upset by Michigan, when it was quickly dropped as low as No. 6.

"I must admit I'm a little apprehensive about them," said Woody, "and I became more point-conscious this season in an effort to keep our team No. 1. We didn't have the Rose Bowl incentive, or any other bowl incentive for that matter, so our big goal had to be No. 1. I try to honestly work out my [UPI] ballot every week and I think I know our area real well, but in other cases like Texas and Southern Cal I have to go with what I know, which isn't enough, and their records."

To find out about Penn State, all Woody has to do is call North Carolina State's Earle Edwards, who became a believer last Saturday afternoon in Raleigh after Onkotz and the rest of Penn State's defense held the Wolfpack to 49 yards, tossed three quarterbacks for 27 yards in losses and forced three interceptions, two fumbles and 10 punts. "I don't ever remember being shut off like that," said Edwards. "They made us helpless." He was especially impressed with Onkotz, who set up one touchdown by jarring Wolfpack Quarterback Darrell Moody into a fumble, then recovered it himself. Later, Onkotz tossed Moody for 14 yards in losses on two straight plays to halt a drive and set up teammate Mike Rest's second field goal. "We were perhaps a little more aggressive on defense," said Paterno. "We wanted very badly to win this game."

Offensively, State's Charlie Pittman scored three times for a career total of 166 points, breaking the record of 171 set by Pete Mauthe from 1909-12. One of Pittman's TDs came on Quarterback Chuck Burkhardt's first scoring pass of the season. Rest, the kicking specialist, added three extra points for a season's total of 33, breaking the record set in 1947 by Ed Cerkay, now Penn State's athletic director.

When a surge of hepatitis hit Holy Cross out for the season, Syracuse Coach Ben Schwartzwalder quickly tacked on a game with Boston College, just to give the Orangemen a nice round 10. Schwartzwalder was especially pleased with his move after Syracuse lost to West Virginia in what was supposed to have been its final game. "At least now we've got another chance to close

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

EAST

- 1. PENN STATE (10-0)
- 2. WEST VIRGINIA (9-1)
- 3. DARTMOUTH (8-1)

Normally Penn State's Dennis Onkotz doesn't like to watch football on TV because it's "too violent," but the Nittany Lions' linebacker nevertheless brought himself to watch a little of the Arkansas-Texas Tech game on Thanksgiving. He heard the announcers talking about how this Saturday's Texas-Arkansas game would decide who's No. 1 and, as Onkotz said, "It made me mad." So two days later Onkotz went on national television himself and worked off his anger in fine fashion, helping Penn State's powerful defense smother North Carolina State 33-8 in the finale of the Lions' second straight perfect season.

Onkotz wasn't the only one upset by the fact that Penn State has never been ranked higher than No. 2. His coach, Joe Paterno, asked: "When, if ever, did any major college team put together two back-to-back 10-0 seasons, go through 29 games without a loss and not be rated No. 1 in the nation?" Even Pennsylvania's governor, Raymond P. Shafer, took a shot at the polls. "Here's a

team with a tremendous record, best in the nation," said Shafer in his best oratory tone. "It's done everything anyone could ask of it, but still can't get No. 1 recognition. It's ridiculous."

Penn State's detractors point out that the Lions could have met the issue head on by accepting the chance to play either Texas or Arkansas in the Cotton Bowl instead, the team chose the Orange and Missouri, saying it wanted a week in the sun because, after all, isn't the game meant to be fun? Now Paterno is arguing, "Missouri is as fine a football team as any in the country. They've beaten better teams than Texas or Arkansas have."

The man on top right now, Texas' Darrell Royal, believes in the polls; but he learned long ago—as Paterno is now—that poll-watching can be mighty frustrating. "We don't play polls," said Royal. "We figure if we can do a good job the polls will take care of themselves. We worry only about the things we can do something about, such as the next game or the Southwest Conference championship. That other stuff is voted, and we have no control over that. You can play great football and still not win the national championship, but the Southwest Conference championship is decided on the football



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The top is made of something very special.

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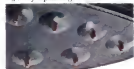
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It's working.

out the year a winner," he said early last week. Well, Ben wasn't so happy when the game was over because Boston College, the afterthought, thumped the Orangemen 35-10.

Syracuse jumped in front 10-0, but then couldn't do anything, including sample chores like running out the clock. Instead of protecting its lead late in the first half by going into the line, Syracuse came out throwing, unsuccessfully, and BC got the ball in time for seven points. That was just the start. Behind Halfback Fred Willis and Quarterback Frank Harris, Boston College turned it into a rout in the second half. "We've had a lot of shockers," said Schwartzwalder, "but this was the worst ever."

Willis ran 14 times for 27 yards, but caught six passes for 76 yards and two touchdowns. Harris completed 23 of his 38 attempts for four TDs and—against what once was one of the East's best defenses—he wasn't intercepted. Said Harris, "I made up my mind to throw squares and quickies before they could get to me, then dunk a couple over their rush to try to keep them at home." Huh?

In the third annual Metropolitan Club Bowl at Mount Vernon, N.Y., Pace College beat down Iona's defense in the last quarter for a 16-7 victory. Quarterback Dennis Carpenter scored the winning TD.

WEST

1. USC (9-0-1)
2. UCLA (8-1-1)
3. STANFORD (7-2-1)

After eight years of trying, Arizona State's Sun Devils won the Western Athletic Conference—but not before rival Arizona put up one of its best fights of the year. State was trailing in the third quarter, but then junior Lenny Randle got loose for a 57-yard punt return and a 25-24 lead that the Sun Devils never gave up. "I know it was close," said State Coach Frank Kush after the 38-24 victory, "but that's what coaches get paid for—to win the close ones."

Junior Halfback Dave Buchanan gained 146 yards for the winners, giving him a lock on the league rushing championship. Senior Fullback Art Makino closed his career by gaining 104 yards, mostly on thrusts up the middle, and Quarterback Joe Spagnola gained 113 yards passing and 50 more rushing to lead the WAC in total offense. The State defense—led by Linebacker Mike Kennedy—converted two fumbles and an interception into 17 points. Arizona State finished with a 6-1 league record, good for a half-game margin over Utah. The early leader, Wyoming, wound up 4-3 to tie for third with Brigham Young.

The field at El Paso was muddy and slippery, but UTEP managed to slosh its way to a 17-10 win over Xavier of Ohio. The Maroons turned a pass interception by Jim Fahs into the winning TD, which came on Dick Rausch's drive into the end zone in the third quarter. The visiting Masketeers had tied the game 10-10 on Ed Huber's 26-yard field goal.

In sunny old Honolulu, Oregon's Ducks trailed 16-14 in the first half, but finally hauled their way to a 57-16 victory. Oregon racked up a school-record 678 yards, including 388 on the ground. In Fort Collins all the action took place off the field when Colorado State announced that its coach of eight seasons, Mike Lude, would not have his contract renewed (he was fired, that means). State's record this season was 4-6, its seventh losing season under Lude, and it included a 79-7 wallop by Arizona State, the worst loss in the school's history.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. ARKANSAS (9-0)
3. HOUSTON (8-2)

Even Spiro Agnew probably wouldn't complain about the way national television has misinterpreted the Texas-Arkansas game. Originally scheduled for Oct. 18, it was switched to this Saturday purely at the behest of Reone Arledge, executive director of ABC sports. Everybody knew long ago, of course, that the Southwest Conference championship and a Cotton Bowl bid would be at stake, but who this side of Woody Hayes expected the national championship to be on the line, too? Yet, happily, that's what college football's 100th season has come down to, whether Joe Paterno likes it or not. Texas Coach Darrell Royal, for one, tips his cap to TV. "It makes them look smarter than a tree full of owls," Royal said on Thanksgiving, after his Longhorns made turkey hash of Texas A&M 49-12.

As has been their custom, the Longhorns put the game away so early that the first team spent the second half sitting—make that slumbering—on the bench. The temperature in College Station was near freezing, and even a Wisconsin native like Halfback Jim Benchen chartered, "I was freezing." Benchen was as responsible as anyone for the first team's early exit, injuring his left arm on the game's first play from scrimmage, but coming back two plays later to zig and zag 63 yards for Texas' first TD. For sheer razzle-dazzle, however, nothing could match the end-around play on which Split End Cotton Speyrer threw a 37-yard scoring pass to Tight End Randy Peschel—the first time Speyrer had passed since he

was in high school. His form resembled a bad javelin thrower, but Cotton made his point: "Maybe it will give Arkansas something to think about." Speyrer also caught a scoring pass as the first unit built up a 39-0 lead that moved a record A&M crowd of 51,160 to begin leaving at halftime.

At Little Rock the afternoon was equally cold (a bonfire was lit near the Arkansas bench late in the game) and the game equally dull as the Razorbacks ground out a 33-0 victory over Texas Tech, the 100th for Frank Broyles as a head coach. The Porcupines were their usual prosaic selves, winning the game with a defense that has allowed only 6.8 points per game, best in the country. Typical of Arkansas' style was the tackle Terry Stewart put on Tech's Danny Hardaway a split second after Hardaway had leaped to catch a pass at the Arkansas 10. He went down in a heap and the ball rolled out of bounds, giving the Razorbacks possession on downs. "That's the hardest I've ever been hit," marveled Hardaway later. "In fact, that's the first time this year I've been hit, really hit, not just tackled. If I could see him [Stewart], I would walk up and shake his hand. He put it on me."

The Razorback offense was equally effective, mixing Bill Montgomery's passes to Chuck Dries, John Rees and Pat Morrison with grinding runs. Near the end, Arkansas fans in the east stands began to chant, "Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho, Arkansas to the Cotton Bowl," but Broyles didn't want to talk about Texas again. "I'm going to enjoy my 100 first," he said. "It's been a long, long struggle to get to be 9-0. The monkey gets heavy on your back. I'm going to enjoy this one before I think about those Longhorns."

Playing in the Astrodome, where they will meet Auburn Dec. 31 in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl, the Houston Cougars beat Florida State 41-13, their eighth straight win after opening with a pair of losses. Houston's high-octane offense checked as usual behind sophomore Quarterback Gary Mullins, but its defense is what did it in Florida State. Houston intercepted two Bill Cappelman passes, recovered three fumbles and threw Seminole quarterbacks for losses 10 times, totaling 97 yards. Stick that in your Astro-Bluebonnet and try it on for size!

Poor Baylor closed out its first season under Coach Bob Rcall with an 0-8 record, the first time the Bears had gone without a victory since they were 0-4 in the war-interrupted season of 1918. Baylor had entertained hopes of beating its final opponent, Rice, which came into the game with only a 2-7 record, but that possibility flickered out when the Owls' Mike Spruill came off the bench. Unable to start because of a shoulder separation, Spruill scored three touchdowns—on runs of 36, four and one yards—to lead Rice. About all that Bay-

continued

for fans had to cheer was Gordon Uggard, the Bears' senior tailback. He broke the national kickoff return record by returning six against Rice. That gave him 37 for the season, three ahead of the mark set last year by Northwestern's Mike Adamik.

SOUTH

1. LSU (9-1)
2. TENNESSEE (9-1)
3. AUBURN (8-2)

A University of Miami sign bore the slogan, THE CUBAN COMET WILL BE HIT BACKED TONIGHT, but it was the Comet, Carlos Alvarez, who ended up in the pilot's seat. The Cuban refugee, who has yet to become an American citizen, caught 15 passes for 237 yards and two touchdowns as the Florida Gators sharpened up for the Gator Bowl by rocking Miami 35-16 before 70,934—including a large Alvarez cheering section—in the Orange Bowl. "I knew they were selling a lot of tickets to Cubans and I didn't want to disappoint them," said Carlos, whose performance gave him at least a tie for five Southeastern Conference records.

His sophomore batterymate, Quarterback John Reeves, also picked up a few more SEC records, including most TD passes in a season (24) and most total offense (2,892). His 30 completions (out of 46) made him the national passing leader, with 227 completions to 222 for SMU's Chuck Hinson. "I'd be lying if I said it didn't feel great to set records," said Reeves, "but I've said all year that any other quarterback could have done the same. We have great receivers and coaches—and that Carlos makes any quarterback's job easy."

For all their achievements, however, it was neither Alvarez nor Reeves who put the fix on Miami. It was sophomore Tommy Durrance, whose 62-yard run—that's right, Florida does run sometimes—turned a 22-16 game into an easy win, the Gators' eighth against a loss and a tie. Durrance scored three TDs to become the SEC's leading scorer with 180 points for the year. Said Miami Coach Charlie Tate, "It was a hell of a run and it broke our backs."

While Florida was looking good, like a bowl team should, Alabama and Georgia were bowled over. The Crimson Tide, which will meet Colorado in the Liberty Bowl, Dec. 13, was trounced by aetherial Auburn 49-26, winding up a 6-4 season. "Bama Quarterback Scott Hunter hit 30 of 55 passes for 484 yards, wiping J. W. Namath's name out of the school record book, but the Tide's defense was so bad that Auburn's punter, Connie Frederick, scored on an 84-yard run with only 42 seconds left because the Tide had rolled back to set up a return. "I

wouldn't be surprised if Auburn is not one of the top teams in the Deep South," said winning Coach Shug Jordan, while Bear Bryant rumbled: "I suppose we should be embarrassed with a bowl game coming up, but I'm not. I'm thankful for it. I think our players want a chance to redeem themselves."

So, surely, do Georgia's Bulldogs, who were upset by in-and-out Georgia Tech 6-0 on Grant Field in Atlanta. The Bulldogs, who will play Nebraska in the Sun Bowl, had as much luck denying the Tech defense as they did in stopping Quarterback Jack Williams, who made up for a miserable effort against Notre Dame two weeks earlier by directing the only touchdown drive of the game. Told that he was starting only two minutes before the kickoff, Williams moved the Yellow Jackets 80 yards in 13 plays in the second quarter. He hit four passes to move Tech to the Georgia goal, then scored himself. Linebacker Bubba Hoats preserved the win with three interceptions off Georgia Quarterbacks Mike Cavan and Paul Gilbert. Georgia's final record is 5-4-1, Tech's 4-6 for the third straight year under Coach Bud Carson.

Tennessee's opponent in the Gator Bowl—Tennessee, cut up Vanderbilt 10-27 to win the SEC championship with a 5-1 league record to LSU's 4-1. Leading 14-7 in the second quarter, Tennessee used defense to break it open, scoring on Bill Young's 25-yard interception, followed by End James Woody's safety. "Tennessee is the best team we've played, including Michigan," said Vandy Coach Bill Pace. With 21 minutes left, Mississippi State and Ole Miss were tied 14-14, but Rebel Quarterback Archie Manning threw TD passes of 58 and 13 yards, then scored on a two-yard keeper to start the Rebels to a 48-21 win, giving them a 7-3 record to take into the Sugar Bowl.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (9-1)
2. MISSOURI (9-1)
3. MICHIGAN (8-2)

The Henman Trophy winner, Steve Owens, played his last game for Oklahoma like he has played all the others, plowing up and down the field, but the Sooners still found themselves in deep trouble with only 1:15 to play against Oklahoma State. The Cowboys had just scored on Quarterback Bob Culbuth's pass to Split End Herman Eben, reducing Oklahoma's lead to 28-27, and now they were lined up to go for a two-point conversion. Oops, delay of game against State, move it back to the eight. Even so, State gamely went for the win. Culbuth, finding no receivers open, was hit by Sooner End

Albert Qualls and fumbled away his team's last chance.

Only nine minutes earlier Culbuth had tried a sneak from Oklahoma's six-inch line, but was stopped short of scoring. Or was he?

"I'd rather not comment on that," fumed Cowboy Coach Floyd Galt, "but when you move the length of your body and only have inches to go, well, it will show in the film."

"I thought I was in," said Culbuth, "but I guess it wasn't my decision."

"I'm 80 years older," sighed the winning coach, Oklahoma's Chuck Fairbanks.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Army's Lynn Moore, who gained only five yards rushing again in Navy last year, personally sank the Midshipmen by rushing for a career-high 206 yards and going in for two touchdowns in the Cadets' 27-0 victory.

THE LINEMAN: The Cuban Comet, Florida's Carlos Alvarez, caught 15 passes for 237 yards and two scores as Florida whipped Miami 35-16. The sophomore receiver tied or broke five Southeastern Conference records.

Culbuth hit 17 of 32 passes for 216 yards and two touchdowns, both to Eben, besides running for two more TDs himself. He set all sorts of Oklahoma State records, but nobody top Owens when it comes to records. This time he set two national marks by carrying 55 times in one game and 358 times for the season. His 264 yards and two TDs against the Cowboys assured him of the national rushing and scoring championships.

At Tulsa, Louisville used three long runs to beat limping Tulsa 35-29 for a 5-4-1 record in Lee Corso's first year as head coach. Tulsa scored first when John Dobbs, son of the school's athletic director, Glenn Dobbs, threw 23 yards to Josh Ashton. But Louisville's Lee Bouges and Bill Carr scored on runs of 44 and 58 yards from scrimmage, respectively, and Cleo Walker ran back an intercepted pass 74 yards to put the Cardinals ahead for keeps.

Shrine Bowl Northeastern Oklahoma A&M beat Arizona Western 20-6 for the National Junior College Athletic Association championship.

Sterling Bowl: Nassau Community College of Long Island, N.Y. threw a 9-0 record against Hutchinson (Kans.) Junior College, but the Kansans won 32-7 at Sterling, Kans.

Alonso Stagg Bowl: Wittenberg's Denny Yontz intercepted a fumble at the William Jewell nine-yard line, and Gary Sherman scored two plays later to give Wittenberg a 27-21 win.

END

The computer camera.

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Whether it's a record of your once-in-a-lifetime trip, pictures of favorite outdoor activities, or simply random—but irreplaceable—shots of the kids growing up, the computer camera lets you make professional-quality pictures without fuss or bother. Its real name is the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic, and it's so good, it's America's best-selling fine camera.

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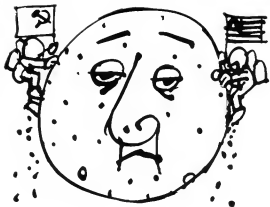
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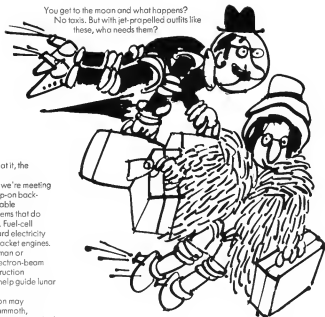


The Moon:
getting there is
half the problem.



Repairs en route call for way-out
kinds of welding machines,
And on-board power sources to run them.

You get to the moon and what happens?
No taxis. But with jet-propelled outfits like these, who needs them?



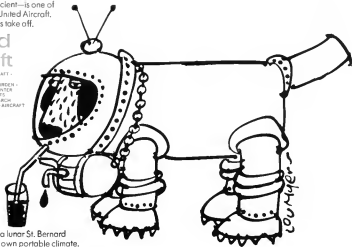
Any way you look at it, the moon's a challenge.

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To survive in space, even a lunar St. Bernard will need his own portable climate.

*They don't
dress up for dinner
anymore—
they just show up*

There used to be a time in every skier's life, after a hard day on the hill, after sauna, after drinks and just before dinner, when the maître d'hôtel would say, "I'm sorry, sir, but you must wear a jacket and be in the dining room." That was back in skiing's dark ages, say a couple of years ago, before a new sort of relaxed revolution began to take shape in what men wear to the mountains. This season the revolution has spread—a pair of suitably faded Levi's and cowboy hat will get you most anywhere, and the year's newest touches lean more fashionably on the functional: shirts, sweaters, belts and vests, the kind of thing every man has got to have anyway. The people who design men's clothes have now turned to such things as wool doubleknits (which will stand a lot of partying and stay presentable), cotton velvet and a fabric called ribless corduroy—which gives an appearance of velour or the moleskin that everyone wore back in the '30s. Some of the results of these innovations are visible at The Inn at Saw Mill Farm near Vermont's Mount Snow (opposite page). Winter revolutionaries Greg Herbert and Tonto Shadreau (top left) go the doubleknit route—Herbert in bold-striped shirt and Shadreau in a jump suit—and both wear wide leather ornamented belts. Belts are a part of the scene, studded with brass for looks and wild Western in styling. Ping-Pong below, Rutgers Barclay shows up in a colorful Turkish sweater and Herbert wears a ribless corduroy safari shirt, an easygoing outfit for after ski. Outdoors, Barclay wears his velvet jeans—they are imported from France in all colors and they are warm—plus a shaggy-looking reversible lambskin vest and tops it all off with a cowboy hat. Resident pinto pony Tybar is wearing what pinto ponies usually wear at this time of year, but if he appears a bit skittish there is good reason. Barclay's fur after-ski boots once belonged to a reindeer in Lapland.

—RUTH LIEDER

The Look: where to buy

The all-wool doubleknit outfits worn by Herbert and Shadreau at top are designed by Luis Estevez and made in France by Saint Joseph for Cezar, Ltd. Shirts (\$65), slacks (\$60) and jump suit (\$90) all available at Leighton's New York City. In the picture at lower left the wool sweater (\$42.50), handloomed and embroidered in Turkey for Icelandic Imports, is available at Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio. The 100% cotton corduroy safari shirt (\$21) can be found at Rich Originals in New York City. At right the reversible lambskin vest (\$250) and reindeer boots (\$50) are made by Head Ski & Sports Wear and carried by Bloomingdale's, New York City. The cotton velvet jeans (\$35) are imported from France by DeNoyer Boutique, New York City. The belts (\$6 to \$15) are by Canterbury Belts, Ltd. and are available at good stores everywhere.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB CIBUL



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Arthur Ashe recently addressed the Women's National Democratic Club, urging its members to relate to the black community.

"Try calling your maids by their last names," he suggested. "And put a 'Miss' or 'Mrs.' in front of it. It is demeaning to have to call someone by their last name when they call you by your first."

♦ A penny-farthing bicycle (so-called for the immense British penny and the tiny farthing piece) does not corner well, according to **Jackie Stewart**. The Scottish race driver flew to Glasgow recently for a reception in honor of his having won the world driving championship and was met by a friend with the bicycle. "I peddled the thing out on a wide U turn of about 200 yards," Stewart says. "I was up on it too long, and it was bloody dangerous. There was ice on the ground at Glasgow airport. I didn't take any spills, but by God I'll tell you I've been in some pretty terrible situations at my time, but this was absolutely the worst."

Steve Allen has taped a show that features, among other things, The Brothers Sincere. And who are The Brothers Sincere? Well, one of them is **Don Richman**, late the general manager of the Seattle SuperSonics. The other is **Mal Sharpe**, who explains their partnership as follows: "It was weird. I was trying to write TV scripts but I had to earn a living, so I was selling hot dogs and things at the Forum in L.A. I was called the Singing Vendor, because I used to sing, and somebody said, 'You know, you really sound like Don Richman,' and finally a sports-writer got us together. I, the Singing Vendor, met Don, the general manager, down at the bench. Don said, 'I hear you sound a lot like me,' so I started a song thing about peanuts



and potato chips, and he joined in. It was really weird. Not many people knew this, but Don used to be a sea singer in several small clubs on 52nd Street in New York City." Now, more than a year later, Sharpe and Richman work for the same ad agency, collaborate on TV scripts and sing a little number called *Hello Sweet Lady in the Moon*, wearing baseball uniforms with big Ws on the front to celebrate the return of Ted Williams to baseball. "We've been on shows like *Groucho and Boss City*," Sharpe says, "but I wouldn't say that a TV writer and the former general manager of the SuperSonics is exactly where the kids are at."

Nijnsky, by Northern Dancer out of Flaming Page, has been named England's top 2-year-old and has come to the attention of **Madame Romola Nijnsky**, the 79-year-old widow of the dancer. Madame Nijnsky's knowledge of racing is limited and she lives in Zurich when she is not in San Francisco, but she has decided to have her London-based secretary be Nijnsky whenever he runs. The secretary, Mrs. Power, is not exactly a horse-player, either. "I used to put the odd bob or two on a horse,"

she admits, but she has not been following the ponies of late. "When the flat season opens," she says, "I think I'll ask for help from the bookies William Hill or Ladbrokes—leave the money with them and get them to put it on the horse whenever he is running. The trouble is," she adds, "Romola is not going to make more than an odd shilling or two, as the horse is doing so well."

♦ "I've never had any experience along these lines before," observes **Duke Sims**, "but I enjoyed it." The Indians' catcher had kindly helped out at the last minute as a judge of the Miss Outer Space, Ohio contest in Cleveland. "Contestants must be between 18 and 30 and able to jog a mile," Syd Freedman, the poet who thought the whole thing up, announced solemnly. "They must create their own costumes that they'd like to wear on the moon. They will be judged on personality and pose as well as appearance in a bikini, and we'd like the winner to be the first woman to go to the moon, if we can get the Government's permission." Blondie Mrs. Marie Stevens, third from the right, turned out to satisfy these somewhat varied requirements. As for Sims, he may have been inexperience,

but he does have an eye for a winner. His own date that night was a former Ohio candidate for Miss U.S.A.

Jack Benny's golf scores have soared from the mid-80s of six years ago to 110 and above, but he has finally found a way to reverse the trend. He reports that he is now using ladies' clubs.

"Water-skiing? That's easy. You lie back in the water and hold the line, then you just follow the boat," explains singer **José Feliciano**, who obviously has not allowed blindness to interfere too seriously with his athletic endeavors. He has baseballs around, rides a bicycle, swims a lot (pool and ocean, where he body-surfs) and he received a sailboat from his wife for his last birthday. As for horseback riding, like water-skiing, "That's nothing. You just follow the horse in front of you—your horse doesn't know you're blind."

Joe Garagiola, not the greatest golfer extant, broke 100 the other day at the Broadview Country Club in Largo, Fla. and attributed his round of 98 to Club Pro Angus Boyd. "He taught me," Joe says, "not to talk while I was putting."



Novelties and reform spark a rich finale

Challenging jump courses introduced by entertaining narration highlighted New York's National. A growing regard nationwide for the rules designed to protect an abused breed also distinguished a busy fall

The 1969 horse show season, despite the usual number of conflicting dates—California's Cow Palace show ran about the same time as New York's National, and the Harrisburg and Kansas City events overlapped—produced a number of innovations this fall. The National, for example, is now comfortably at home in the new Madison Square Garden and has added one feature that other shows should copy. It seems a small thing, but it can immeasurably increase spectator enjoyment.

After the international jumping course was set, Announcer Victor Hugo-Vidal Jr. went down into the ring, explained its difficulties and got pre-ride opinions from the competitors, thus turning an otherwise long, boring pause into an interlude of interest. Hugo-Vidal, a successful professional horseman, could interpret the problems and challenges, but when the show's president, Walter Devereux, first asked him to do it he was embarrassed. "I didn't know whom to talk to in the audience," he said, "but then I decided to act as if I were explaining the course to one of my pupils." That worked very well and was enhanced by the fact that the course designer, England's Mrs. Pamela Carruthers, appearing at the Garden for the first time, was equally articulate. ("Who is the lady in the lamé dress and tennis shoes?" someone asked as she strode around the ring, shaking fences and measuring distances.)

Although a stranger to New York, Mrs. Carruthers, the only woman international course designer, is well known elsewhere in the show world. As a child she was already so preoccupied with riding that her parents shipped her off to school in France to forget horses. "Once there," she says, "I wrote pleading letters to both my mother and grandmother, saying that all the other girls

had fur coats, and I needed one, too. So they both sent money for a coat and I spent it on a 2-year-old racehorse."

She first worked her new horse in dressage and then started jumping in ladies' classes until the war put a stop to that. After the war she bought a jumper named Galway Bay and competed internationally, never being out of the ribbons. "When I sold him I started course designing in a small way," she says. "Then 11 years ago I got my first big chance."

She was asked to do the show at Ascot, it was a huge success and she has since done all the European championships, the ladies' world championship and the Washington D.C. show five years in a row. The ring at the National, long and narrow, presented difficulties for Mrs. Carruthers, but she put together some testing courses. The Prize of Nations, for example, took a heavy toll in faults, yet it had only two fences over the minimum height.

The competition that tackled her fences in the Garden was uneven and sometimes disappointing. There were teams from Argentina, Mexico, Canada and the U.S., and the Canadians, who had won the gold medal at Mexico City, did not supply the expected challenge. At the opening matinee Frank Chapot retired one trophy for the U.S., while Bill Steinkraus duplicated the feat that evening. And that, more or less, was the way it went for the rest of the week—a contest between Chapot and Steinkraus while the U.S. team pulled far ahead on points.

Billy, riding Bold Minstrel, finally won the international championship, which was no novelty to the 17-year-old gray thoroughbred gelding, who has been successful in several careers: as a three-day horse, a conformation hunter and international jumper. Two years ago, with Steinkraus aboard, he won the pouissance,

going over 7' 3", to tie the old Garden record. Once known as Old Fats because he ate everything, including his bedding, he has long since lost his middle-age bulge but not his versatility.

His rider, the U.S. team captain and Olympic gold medal winner, has had even more careers than Bold Minstrel. A member of the team since 1951, Billy has been in concert management, an investment analyst and a book editor. He also has written several books, plays the violin and the viola, is an amateur bookbinder and is fluent in several languages. On the last night, after Bold Minstrel had knocked down one pole, Steinkraus said, "It was my fault. I was thinking ahead to the next fence." As it turned out, the pole hardly mattered. Billy was easily the international champion and, for the second time, retired the trophy as leading U.S. rider.

The National was fortunate in that management did not have to face one problem bedeviling other shows; there were no classes for the Tennessee Walking Horse, the breed that has been systematically tortured for well over a decade in order to achieve artificially an exaggerated running walk. (54, July 21.) Although there are rules against such treatment at all AHSA-approved events, few shows have ever enforced them and it was a pleasant surprise to find that the two preceding the National made every effort to do so. Prior to the Washington, D.C. show letters went to all exhibitors from the U.S. Department of Justice warning that the rules must be followed, and the American Royal in Kansas City stringently stuck to the book—much to the consternation of the judge of the division and many exhibitors. These exceptions only stress the need for Congress to pass the pending Tydings bill, which hopefully would eliminate the problem for good. **END**

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Big shoot-out on Lake Havasu

Cesare Scotti of Italy won the world's biggest, richest outboard powerboat race from a fine field as an American archrival, Don Pruett, crashed

Not yet six years old, Lake Havasu City is one of the youngest communities in Arizona and the United States. It is a go-getting sort of place. With a touching glance back to the past, it has purchased London Bridge, whose 1,005-foot span will be reassembled with "dignity and respect" to link the town and its airport (and it's a damned lie, say Lake Havasuvians, that they thought all along they were getting the Tower Bridge with its more picturesque structure). It is also the site of the world's biggest and richest race for outboard powerboats—an activity more in keeping with the town's up-to-the-minute way of life.

This Outboard World Championship, which was run for the sixth time last weekend on Lake Havasu, was in essence a shoot-out among the leading engine and boat manufacturers. Wm Havasu, the feeling goes, and the aura of victory will trickle down to a buying public that has something a little less special in mind than flat-out racing—like fishing, water-skiing or just noodling around on the water.

That spirit of competition and com-

merce attracted 114 boats from five countries for a four-hour endurance run on Saturday and another on Sunday—and for the first time all the leading contenders rode so-called "tunnel" hulls. This is a new wrinkle in boating: a hull with twin sponsons forming a tunnel between them. The hull is partly supported by a cushion of air developing in the tunnel, and as a consequence speeds have risen to altimate highs—better than 100 mph for the fastest boats.

Although he was not to taste the fruits of victory, the fastest man at Havasu was a Texas-born Californian named Don Pruett. Pruett is not completely at home with Chamber of Commerce notions like dignity and respect. After winning the Elsmore 500 on Lake Elsinore, Calif., this year he bit the cork out of a bottle of celebratory champagne and tossed it off without a pause. He is as fast with his fists as with the bubbly. "I saw Don in a real battle, in Galveston I think it was," said Racing Promoter Mel Zikes. "When the bar stools started flying, I just leaned back against the wall and watched. It was beautiful the way Don handled himself."

"Crazy," was the way Mrs. Pruett saw it on Saturday as she observed Don's technique on the one right-hand turn of Havasu's four-mile, boomerang-shaped course. Vagrant gusts of wind disturbed the boats' air cushions, and the shore was ominously close, but Pruett nonchalantly cupped his head in his left hand as he took the turn with the other hand on the wheel.

For two days brusque winds had lashed the confined waters of Lake Havasu. The redoubtable Italian driver Renato Molinari had flipped his boat during a practice run. Pruett's pal Joe Habay flipped during Saturday's race and broke his leg. Needless to say, Pruett, with three big Mercury engines making healthy sounds on his Ted Jones-designed hull, paid no attention to such trifles and went for the lead. After 1½ hours his *Triple Trouble* made her only fuel stop. At the end of the second hour Pruett still led. But soon he encountered trouble with the lower units of his engine rig and mechanics worked furiously to repair the damage. They did so and Pruett resumed the race. But at the end of the day he lay sixth, while up ahead there was a three-way tie between Italy's Cesare Scotti, Texas' Johnnie Sanders and Colorado's Robert H. George.

Scotti, driving a 21-foot Molinari with a pair of Evimotors, is an extremely experienced man; he was voted the outstanding outboarder of 1968 for winning the Florida Gold Coast marathon and placing second in the Paris Six Hour Race during a consistently fine year. He and other Europeans are noted for a steady, disciplined approach to racing. But at Havasu a rare mental lapse cost him a clear-cut lead. Experiencing engine difficulty just before the finishing flare was fired, he stopped a few yards short of the finish line and turned into the pits instead of completing the lap. Had he done so, he would have been crowned with 70 laps rather than 69—the number run by Sanders and George.

On Sunday, Scotti kept his wits about him at all times and defeated Sanders by a lap to take the \$15,000 first prize at a record average speed (for the two days) of 72.54 mph. The veteran Bill Sirois of Miami popped up in third place. Pruett? Poor devil, in his haste to catch up he collided with another boat and nearly sank.

END

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Even on Friday night Mrs. Doris Brown was at ease. At dinner she smiled sweetly as the girls she would run against the next day stopped to say hello, and how are your ankles, and what kind of training have you been doing and, well, guess I'll see you tomorrow, huh? "Uh, sure," said Doris. Then she and three teammates from Seattle's Falcon Track Club took a mile walk over to a Lucky grocery store, where they shared half a gallon of Neapolitan ice cream and three yogurts. They returned an hour later, giggling. "Gosh," Doris said, "now I'll have to go upstairs to my room and do some exercises. Got to get this weight off before tomorrow."

She didn't exercise, and the next day, when she would successfully defend her National AAU Women's Cross-Country title at Centinela Park in Inglewood, a suburb of Los Angeles, she lay in bed until 10, only three hours before the race. "I don't know how she does it," says teammate Nancy Mann. "She's so relaxed. All she says is that she will beat them. And she does."

Indeed she did, but Brownie is getting more and more competition. Kids are popping up all over the place who feel that running two miles or more over hill and dale is a very feminine thing to do. There is Francine Larreau, a bouncy 17-year-old from Sunnyvale, Calif., who worries that she may have missed something by not going out for cheerleader, but finally says, "I guess I'm part of what you could call the in-crowd. And, no kidding, I like boys more than running." And 21-year-old Cheryl Bridges from Pontiac, Mich., who claims "the only time I get defensive is when I see those voluptuous, well-built actresses on TV, and then I look at myself and wonder what happened. All I got are legs. But I guess I'm lucky. My husband's a leg man." And 16-year-old Maria Stearns, who will be happy when she gets her braces off because that may save two seconds but who will never, never cut her long blonde hair, no matter how many seconds that might save. And her teammate on the Santa Monica AA, Pat Cole, a 21-year-old UCLA senior. "I don't have to worry about my image and about trying to look like a girl when I run," she says defiantly.

Women's cross-country is both crowded and in. Five years ago, at the second AAU championships, there were 40 entrants. Last weekend there were 542. "It's like pierced ears," says one girl.

A PTA meeting is tougher

This is how Mrs. Doris Brown, a part-time teacher, described her win in the Nationals, a meet which attracted 542 girls from age 7 on up

"A few years ago only certain people did it. But now it's acceptable. Same with cross-country." An age-group program that has them running as early as 6 drew a field of 85 girls 9 or under who ran a ¼-mile course. Lezli Peterson of the San Jose Cinderellas, won in 4:55.1. And there were 129 10- and 11-year-olds who ran a mile. Do-reen Assumma of the Rialto (Calif.) Roadrunners, won in 5:47.2. All the Dashers and Meteors and Comets, even Poison Spiders, made the lobby of the Sheraton Inn-Los Angeles Airport more dangerous than the Santa Monica freeway at rush hour. She was there, every girl claimed, to run. But first there were more important things. Like visiting Disneyland. And the swimming pool. And

playing handies and tag, and catch-one-catch-all, and race ya up to the seventh floor—ready, set, go.

They tell stories about these little girls. Like the 6-year-old who clotheslined anyone who tried to pass her. And the 9-year-old who got tired and started walking up a hill—until she spotted a man with a camera, at which point she sprinted madly. And the 7-year-old who stopped in her tracks—and started crying—when someone passed her on the final straight. And the 4-year-old who was there, according to one official, "just to be exploited by her father. And it worked. He got his picture in all the papers."

Some, of course, are pushed by their parents. But more typical is Robin Campbell of Washington, D.C.'s Sports

continues



CHAMPION DORIS BROWN (LEFT) HELPS CHERYL BRIDGES, WHO FINISHED SECOND



LITTLE GIRLS, like those above warming up or the group below in full stride, are turning to cross-country in increasing numbers. Nine-and-under's run three-quarters of a mile, 10-to-13s a mile.



International, a winner of five straight races before finishing ninth in the 10-11 division last weekend. "I beat everyone in gym, so I started to run," she says. "I like it because of the trophies and because I want to travel outside Washington."

"Well, what's been your biggest thrill?"

"Winning at Fairfield."

"Not the National Junior Championship?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Because Fairfield gave the biggest trophies."

As she approaches the years of, say, Doris Brown, Robin Campbell will learn there is more to women's track, and as she does, she might make a bow in the direction of Brownie, the pioneer U.S. woman distance runner. Now 27 and a part-time teacher, part-time student at Seattle Pacific College, Doris easily won her second straight title, finishing nearly 100 yards ahead of Cheryl Bridges, with a 10:56.2 for the two-mile course. But, after all, she has won the Wom-

en's International Cross-Country Championship the three years (1966-68) it has been held and is the world-record holder in the women's indoor mile (4:40.0).

Someone suggested to Mrs. Brown that the race was no harder than a PTA meeting.

"Not that tough," she said.

"Do you feel like an old lady, beating back all the kids?"

"The only time I feel like a grandmother," Brownie said, "is when TV commentators call me that old veteran."

The week before the championships it was business as usual for Brownie—five miles in the morning around Seattle's Green Lake and over the hills of Woodland Park and, as always, each hill meant something. The first was for Francie Larnieu, whom she expected to be her toughest competition. The second was for Maria Gommers, the Dutch girl whom Brownie considers the best woman distance runner. And the third was "for me," she says. "I knew if I was going to win I had to work on that final climb."

Then, at night, she ran over one of

the many trails through the woods and the beaches by Puget Sound. On Wednesday, a tapering-off day, she and her coach, Dr. Ken Foreman, went for a five-mile jog through the Arboretum on the University of Washington campus. It was a pleasant run among Japanese maples and Japanese red pines and Japanese katsura trees.

"Did you see the cherry trees lining the creek?" Dr. Foreman said afterward.

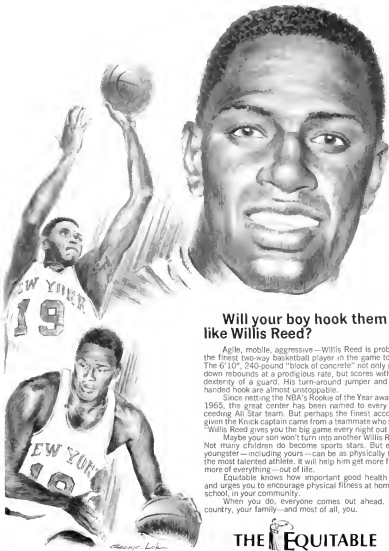
"Yes," said Brownie, "and there are still rhododendron in bloom, and the dogwood has got its second blossom. I don't know how it does it."

Later, Dr. Foreman smiled when he was reminded of the conversation. "But it's true," he said. "The women runners are tremendously sensitive people. They are an amazing transition from the typical brute, from the archetype that all those who don't know women's track claim them to be."

"Definitely," Brownie says. "Girls now always make sure they look well, that they have makeup on and that their hair is combed and that maybe they have a ribbon in their hair."

"But still," she continues, "running is a matter of enjoyment and they look well, that they have makeup on and that their hair is combed and that maybe they have a ribbon in their hair. But still, it's a matter of enjoyment and they look well, that they have makeup on and that their hair is combed and that maybe they have a ribbon in their hair. They're positive books, and not abstractly positive but with reasons. There is even Nietzsche. He says, 'If we have our own why of life, we shall get along with almost any how.' I have a why. To win an Olympic medal [in the 1,500-meter run], I figure I can do anything to get it."

It is a new age, and the problems of the young will never be those of Doris Brown or Cheryl Bridges or Pat Cole, each of whom was harried from her high school track. Nowadays girls aren't allowed to run unless they're girls. "I was insulted when the doctor said he had to check me," Francie Larnieu said, referring to the standard hormone test which is given before most major meets. "He said he had to make sure I was a girl. My gosh, couldn't he see?" If, in fact, he couldn't, he was the only one. **END**



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WELCOME
TO



...IN THE EFFETE EAST

Cowtown, in southern New Jersey, is an unlikely place for the twain to meet, but meet they do. And the bulls and steers are just as testy and the horses just as strong as they are depicted in Western song. Not only that, the animals have proven to be a good diversion for at least one 38-year-old commuter by COLES PHINIZY

Tonight the stars in the Western sky are so bright they seem almost alive. It is the kind of a night that makes any man on the range want to forget all the tired old tales of the West and stir up a few new legends. On such a grand night, let us bypass Laredo and the O.K. Corral. Let us not sing of old John Wayne of Hollywood or even give a thought to Tonto, the Injun, or to Midnight, the great wild horse that made all the best bronc riders pull leather and eat dirt. As the last pot of coffee spits on the chuck wagon fire, let us turn our eyes East and sing instead of Cowtown, N.J., the cow capital of the oldest frontier, and of Gene Lorenzo, the great Eastern wrangler who taught his wonder horse Buck to chase steers on a railroad siding in the Bronx.

For 20 of his 38 years Gene Lorenzo has

been wrestling steers and riding wild bulls and horses in the rodeo arenas of the East. Since the steers, bulls and broncs of the East are every bit as big and ready as those of the West, in the course of winning fame and a modest pile of money Lorenzo has occasionally been knocked silly and has broken a few ribs and twice has been gravely injured. Although the scars he carries from previous engagements suggest otherwise, Lorenzo insists that rodeo is the sort of wholesome diversion that a 38-year-old commuter needs to offset the humdrum of modern living.

In a good rodeo year Lorenzo may win more than \$6,000 wrestling steers and bouncing around on bulls and broncs. In a good year his best horse Buck will bring him another \$2,000 by serving as a mount for rival steer wrestlers. While this income is impor-

continued

tant to him, Lorenzo earns the greater part of his livelihood operating a liquor display service in the Bronx of New York City, where he was born. He now lives on a two-acre spread in Spring Valley on the west side of the Hudson River and, after spending an honest eight hours of turmoil in the liquor display business, Lorenzo must battle his way home among fellow commuters on 35 miles of highway. When most commuters reach home, they relax in some simple way like downing a jugful of martinis. When Lorenzo gets home after a hard day, his method of unwinding is a complex one that goes something like this: 1) he kisses his beautiful wife Janet; 2) he shovels manure from three horse stalls; 3) he kisses his beautiful 5-year-old daughter Lisa; 4) he shovels manure out of the main paddock; 5) he tidies up the tack shed and scrubs a water trough; 6) he reprimands his 6-year-old son Chris for having ravaged the tomato garden; 7) he shovels more manure; 8) he reprimands his 9-year-old son Gene for one reason or another; 9) he hauls five hay bales from the barn to feed his four steers and three horses. If there is daylight left after he finishes these relaxing chores, Lorenzo may unwind still further by going into his practice rodeo arena and wrestling a 700-pound steer—one fall, no time limit, winner take all.

As Gene Lorenzo keeps insisting, there must be something therapeutic or at least widely appealing about rodeo, for in recent years it has attracted quite a variety of devotees in the East. Some of the professional ropers, bulldoggers and riders now competing on the Eastern circuit are executives and men of academic degree—men who do not need the money but love the game. In the other extreme, some of the competitors are rough-and-tumble high-schoolers who crave a form of artistic violence that has more individuality than football. The Eastern rodeo man is not a special breed, nor does he occupy a particular niche. He can be found here, there and almost everywhere: on farms, in small towns and in the densest warrens of big cities. At an Eastern rodeo, cowboys from Greenwich Village, the strident, arty heart of New York City, compete against cowboys from Piscataway, N.J., Peach Bottom, Pa. and other towns that seldom make any noise. It would be stretching things to say that the sport of rodeo is spreading through the East like a prairie fire. Indeed, at this point it would be rash even to predict that it will someday supplant tandem bicycle riding as a recreational outlet for the masses. Be all that as it may, it is a fact that already the professional Rodeo Cowboys' Association has as many active members living within 50 miles of Philadelphia and New York as it does around Cheyenne and Calgary.

Some of the present Eastern performers were drawn into the rodeo game because of a boyhood association with beef and dairy stock. A red-blooded farm lad who has seen the thundering action of big-time rodeo on television is naturally tempted to try riding the local Guern-

seys and Holsteins. After a farm boy has bounced around the pasture a few times astride Old Bessy, there is no way to keep him down on the farm. On Saturdays he is off to the rodeo to try his luck on the big bulls. After landing on their heads four Saturdays in a row, some of the boys learn there is more to rodeo than glamour. They return to the farm, older and wiser, and start saving their dollars to buy a McLaren-Ford.

A good number of Easterners—Gene Lorenzo for one—grew up in metropolitan areas near riding stables. After serving as barn boys, grooms and instructors, many of the city boys tire of riding English saddles on urban trails. They move on to jobs at dude ranches such as Cimarron, a 30-year-old spread near Peckskill, N.Y., where there are weekly rodeos to entertain guests.

A few of the good Eastern competitors never gave a thought to rodeo until they suddenly woke up, as it were, to find themselves in the middle of the arena receiving ovations. Consider the case of 30-year-old Arnold Desiderio, a native of Dover, N.J. who earns his living as a pulp manager at the Whippany Paper Company and now gets rid of his own excess pulp by roping calves and wrestling steers. Desiderio was not a horsey man until he bought his kids a Shetland pony five years ago. Because his kids were having a bull on their pony, as a spirit of togetherness Desiderio bought himself a saddle horse. Within a year, craving more action, he moved from an English to a Western saddle and a year later into the rodeo arena.

Consider also Jack Meli, the bareback rider and bulldogger who owns a minor interest in Gene Lorenzo's two-acre enterprise. Thirteen years ago, 13-year-old Meli was making good pocket money by shining shoes in Irish bars and cleaning up after the horses of the New Kentucky Riding Academy in the Bronx. Then Lorenzo led him astray. Since Meli, the stableboy, had often put flank straps on the New Kentucky saddle horses and backed them after the proprietor had left for the day, Lorenzo suggested that he was ready for the big time. *Qwé sera?* And why not? Thirteen-year-old Meli went to his first rodeo expecting to take his chances on a wild horse, but, alas, a friend entered him in the wrong event. Before he had time for a change of heart, Meli was in a chute at the end of a floodlit arena astride 2,000 pounds of discontented bull. He remembers Lorenzo giving him some last-minute advice on how to hold the rope and how to avoid being gored after leaving the bull in midair. Meli spent seven seconds on the bull before going into the air. Although he did not ride long enough to qualify for a score, he broke no bones and was hooked on the game.

Although in Eastern arenas the action is getting livelier and the purses bigger by the year and the entry lists are loaded with new, young heroes, Gene Lorenzo, the old cowhand from New York, remains the consistent winner. Despite his record Lorenzo can never expect too much personal glory. For one thing many of the best-paying

continued

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EFFETE EAST *continued*

Eastern rodeos are part of a larger carnival—just one of a wild variety of attractions offered at county fairs and expositions. At the county fair Lorenzo competes for public attention with tattoo artists, sideshow barkers and the vendors of cotton candy, Farmall tractors and whirly rides.

As Lorenzo climbs aboard a bucking horse in the arena, on the fair midway a speller shouts out, "Lost World is a family-type show. Come in now and see Asian flesh-eating fish from the rivers of the Amazon jungle. These fish are truly remarkable in their ability to devour a body as large as a human."

In counterpoint to the midway talker the rodeo announcer proclaims, "And, now, the next contestant. In chute No. 3 a steer wrestler, bronc rider and all-round athlete: Gene Lorenzo of Spring Valley, New York."

As Lorenzo's bronc lunges from the chute, the rodeo band strikes up a sparkling gallop in double time. On the midway another speller cries out, "See the killer rats from the sewers of Paris, France. Don't miss this one. Rats larger than cats. The residents live in constant fear of these giant killer rats that are slowly destroying the great city of Paris."

The fargoers who pay 35¢ to see the Asian man-eating fish find inside the tent a couple of carpy-looking fish and one small piranha that would have a hard time eating its way through a slice of liverwurst. Those who pay 15¢ to go into the show stall where the killer rats of Paris dwell find on the inside a solitary, somnolent creature that resembles, as much as anything, a muskrat that has been dyed with shoe polish. By contrast, no one in the rodeo arena feels cheated. Although Gene Lorenzo's spectacular ride on a bronc lasts only eight seconds, it is the real thing. He is a favorite with the crowd, and they give him a big hand. The judges award him 64 points and first money of \$211.68.

Lorenzo today might stand half a head taller than he does on the sport scene were it not for the fact that over the years a number of people—himself included—have screwed up his public image. His true given name is Eugene Di Lorenzo. Even though he long ago pared it down to Gene Lorenzo to make things easier for announcers and rodeo record keepers, he sometimes still turns up on entry lists and in the press as Gene Lawrence, Gene de Lorenzo or some such approximation. After a bull nearly



After a day's conquest Gene Lorenzo wrestles a scrub steer instead of diving into a marsh.

killed him in 1955, Lorenzo purposely altered his identity for two years, competing as Gene Newman to keep his parents from fretting. (His sister Louise abetted him in this deceit by quickly switching channels when he showed up on televised rodeos in his own home.)

In the early 1950s Lorenzo won one steer-wrestling contest in New York State in 3.6 seconds, just 4 shy of the world record. The press dutifully led into the account of his feat by saying, "An Oklahoma cowboy last night came within 4 of a second of the world's bulldogging record." Although to this day Lorenzo has never been west of Fort Worth, in his early years rodeo announcers sometimes told the crowd that he was a native son of California, Wyoming or some other far part of the West. Because of his fame Lorenzo always gets a correct billing now, but the announcers still change the addresses of lesser-known Easterners whenever they feel the show needs a little artificial Western flavor. When Wayne Hall, a promising New Jersey bull rider, performs, for example, sometimes the crowd is told he comes from his real home town of Princeton and sometimes that he hails from Tulsa or some other place out thataway.

In Western rodeos the purses are bigger than in the

continued

EFFETE EAST *continued*

East; consequently the entry lists are also longer and the competition tougher. While such things contribute to the splendor of Western rodeo, there is no reason for an Easterner to be ashamed of the local shows—nor any need for announcers to adulterate them with Western flavor. Rodeo is not and has never been a closed shop, for Westerners only. Competent Easterners who have gone West into the big arenas have always managed to hold their own, taking a fair share of the purses along with the bumps and the knocks. Harry Tompkins, the famous bull rider and all-rounder who won a bundle on the Western circuit in the 1950s, learned the trade in Peckskill. Indeed, Tompkins won the first of his eight national titles in the West a mere two years after taking up the sport.

Anyone who believes that only Westerners are good at their aboriginal game of rodeo can convince himself otherwise by reaching back into history precisely 100 years. At Deer Trail, Colo., in 1869 (the same year that the effete Eastern game called football was born) the cowhands of the Hash Knife, the Mill Iron and the Camp Stool ranches held the first rodeo contest of which there is any flimsy record. At that first rodeo staged by rough-and-ready men of the West, the title of Champion Broncobuster of the Plains was won, not by a Westerner or an Easterner, but—oh, my God—by an English cowpoke named Emilie Gardenshire.

Last August, when rodeo returned to Madison Square Garden in New York after a 10-year lapse, the affair attracted 130 competitors from the East and West. The three classic riding events of rodeo—bareback, bull and

saddle bronc—are scored by judges who are understandably human and possibly affected by a competitor's origin or his reputation. In these three judged events at the Garden the Westerners won about \$12,500 of the total \$13,809 offered. In steer wrestling, where the results are read from the cold hand of a stopwatch, the East and West split the purse of \$5,684 right down the middle. In calf roping, the other stopwatch event, the East took a sliver more than the West, although statistically the honors certainly went to the Westerners since they were outnumbered in the event by more than three to one. When the Garden rodeo was done, the star and hardest working performer turned out to be a Western-Easterner, the 13-year-old, Oklahoma-born wonder horse named Buck. Lorenzo had brought Buck East and trained him to chase steers on a Penn Central Railroad siding that protrudes from under the overpass of a six-lane toll road in the Pelham Bay section of the Bronx. (Buck is probably the only Oklahoma horse that ever learned to chase steers while Mercury Cougars were chasing Chevrolet Impalas overhead.) In the Garden, Buck made 32 appearances (far more than any other beast or man), serving as the mount for 16 of the 40 steer-wrestling competitors and winning more than \$3,000.

While their talents are necessary, the cowboys of rodeo are only the supporting cast. It is the scrambling calf, the reluctant steer, the wild horse and the bull that really make the show and bring down the house. In professional rodeo a bucking bronc or bull must only deliver eight or 10 seconds of action at about every fourth performance. Considering the high price of hay and feed these days,



His chores done, Lorenzo, that old cowhand from the Bronx, relaxes with his daughter Lou, who is a little Oklahoma-born Buck

that means the equine and bovine stars of rodeo are doing better by the hour than Barbra Streisand. There is, however, a difference. When the glamour of it pales, Streisand can always retire to Big Sur, Calif. and write her memoirs. The bronc or bull that tires of show biz and bucks no more usually goes to a cannery. Gentle riders, the next time you attend a large sport event, handle the hot dog you buy with awe and respect for it may be made of the remains of one of last year's rodeo stars. The 40¢ frank that you buy wrapped in a roll at a ball game may contain the grit and gristle of a mighty bull that once threw the national champion, George Paul of Del Rio, Texas. In some hot dogs—who knows?—you may be getting the minced loin of a bronc that bucked off the best riders at Calgary, Pendleton or Cheyenne.

Rodeo flourishes in the East and can afford to play once again in a high-priced arena like Madison Square Garden primarily because today there is a dependable, highly theatrical and completely mixed-up rodeo herd of broncs, steers, cows, calves and bulls prospering in a small south Jersey community that is aptly called Cowtown. Although stars of the Cowtown herd have entertained Eastern audiences for some years and a few of them have played command performances out West, there are a number of people in high places who still do not admit that Cowtown exists. According to the U.S. Postal Department and the Census Bureau and the New Jersey Department of Highways and Rand McNally, there is no Cowtown. Although in a throbbing, busy week more than 20,000 gallons of gasoline are sold within the vague limits of Cowtown, none of the 13 gas companies doing business in New Jersey shows the town on its road map.

Cowtown is real, for sure. Like Shangri-la, it is one of those places you can reach only by consulting the right prophets and having a certain amount of faith. The simplest way to reach Cowtown is to cross the Delaware River at Wilmington, Del. and aim for Atlantic City on the Jersey shore. It is best not to drive fast or you may go through Cowtown without knowing you were there. After eight miles of farmland dotted with rickety-shackety houses and sagging barns, when you come to the statue of a cow on the right side of the road, you are in the middle of Cowtown. There is another cow statue farther along, but there is no mistaking the Cowtown symbol. It is bright red, a trifle smaller than Paul Bunyan's mythical ox, with the face of a Hereford and the bulging udder of a contented Guernsey. Most days there is not much doing in Cowtown, but on Tuesdays the place is aflood with people who have come to buy and sell livestock, produce and just about anything. On Saturday nights in the summer, up to 5,000 adults and kids jam into Cowtown to see the famous rodeo herd perform in its home-town arena.

Cowtown owes its prosperity—indeed its existence—to three men, all named Howard Harris. Howard Harris I, who died in 1936, created the need for a Cowtown. His

son, Howard Harris II, founded the place in 1940, and the grandson, Howard Harris III, is now the duly self-appointed mayor of Cowtown, as well as its police chief, sewer inspector, herd boss, rodeo producer and all-round troubleshooter.

There have been Harrises in the general area since 1690 when two Welshmen named Samuel and Thomas Harris sailed to Long Island, found it too goldfanged crowded and moved on West to New Jersey. To judge both by legend and fact, all the Harrises were solid, independent characters. Although there is not a jot of truth to the legend that one of the early Harrises sold the whole state of New Jersey back to the Indians in a fit of pique, the latter-day Harrises have all proved, both figuratively and in fact, to be superb horse traders. In 1906, after being flooded out of a livestock spread on Salem Creek, Howard Harris I bought 40 rural acres that abutted the main street of Woodstown, an old, Quakerish community four miles east of modern Cowtown. Life in Woodstown was pretty much the same from one day to the next until Howard Harris moved in and began rocking the place. In Woodstown, he started a weekly livestock sale and auction that by the late 1920s had grown into something bigger and livelier. Howard Harris II, who served as an auctioneer, remembers the boom days: "Because we were situated down on a peninsula, I never thought we'd get volume, but I was wrong. Did people show up on Tuesdays? Lord, they came from everywhere to buy or sell something. We sold just about anything that could walk or could be carried or moved—livestock, poultry, produce, harnesses, paint, household goods, iceboxes, you name it. We even sold peacocks and sometimes monkeys and parrots. We sold a hearse once, and one day we auctioned off a calfskin that turned out to be the hide of a black-and-white bird dog. Women's corsets? We sold them. When we couldn't sell the corsets, we'd throw them around the crowd for the fun of it. My father loved it all. When somebody would put a dead possum up for sale, he'd exclaim, 'By God, here's a different item.' Pretty soon," Howard Harris II continues, "there were pitchmen coming around selling snake oil or some other medicine that would run the worms out of you. On a big Tuesday there would be somebody selling pony rides and maybe a Ferris wheel and merry-go-round."

At the Woodstown auction the zest of buyers and sellers was such that Howard Harris I was obliged at times to brandish his walking cane to move the crowd back from the wares. On one Tuesday when the folks would not heed him, he picked up a split bag of lime and swung it around his head, turning everyone in the front ranks white. "My dad," Howard Harris II reflects, "was quite a character."

To keep the auction snowballing, in 1929 Howard Harris I conceived the idea of holding a rodeo. He bought up intractable draft and saddle horses at the auction to serve

continued

as broncs. For bucking bulls he used the biggest, rankest steers he could find and, for riders, any young fool who wanted \$2 mount money. As rodeos go, the first Woodstown show was not much. There were no seats except wagons and barn roofs, but it pulled in more than 3,000 people.

What with rodeo and various side attractions, the Tuesday auctions got too big and lively to suit many of the steady people of Woodstown—there were too many cars crowding the town and too many out-of-towners, including some not altogether desirable. "In a few words," Howard Harris II says, "we became a public nuisance. The people parked all over the place. Maybe the mayor's wife would be having a bridge party. Well, the guests wouldn't park near the house because all the spaces would be taken up with cow trucks. It just didn't go across too big. Remember, we were right on Main Street about a block from the Friends Meeting House."

When Howard II took over after the death of his father in the late 1930s, the town fashioned new parking restrictions and other ordinances designed to discourage the auction. Each time a new ordinance was passed, Harris II hired a lawyer to squash it. Finally, tiring of the legal fuss and bother, he told the mayor of Woodstown, "Don't pass another ordinance. By Election Day 1940 we won't be here." Having said his piece, Harris pulled up stakes and migrated four miles to the west. On Nov. 3, 1940, Cowtown was born, and Woodstown went back to sleep.

People of the county who remember the auction squabble of the late '30s are quick to point out that the statue of the big cow that Harris II later erected in Cowtown faces west with its rear end toward Woodstown. "After having to move from Woodstown," Harris II says, "I certainly wasn't going to call our new place West Woodstown. People make a big thing out of the fact that the statue of the cow is sideways to the road with its tail toward Woodstown, but, hell, I just thought it looked better sideways. Why, that big cow is one of the most photographed things in this

part of the world. We no more than got the damn thing in place by the road—not even bolted down—before a bunch of Shriners came by headed for Atlantic City. One of those Shriners crawls under the cow and starts milking her into his fez to have his picture taken."

Despite the fact that Cowtown is not yet on any official map, rodeo became a box office success there as well as a profitable television product because Howard II was a showman to the core, a man with a love for all great troopers. Although Cowtown has since produced more famous stock, in Harris' mind, the greatest of the local performers was a pure Brahma bull called simply No. 16. No. 16 not only threw riders and butted rodeo clowns around with vigor but also picked up the knack of spinning around and around kicking at everyone like a wild horse. "People say a cow beast has no brains," Howard Harris II observes, "but No. 16 did. He was a showman pure and simple. In the afternoon when people would start coming in for a rodeo, the other bulls would be up in the pasture somewhere under an apple tree, but not No. 16. He'd be right down at the fence along the road looking over the kind of audience he was going to have that night. Because he threw everybody, at one rodeo toward the end of a season I played him up big. You know, I wrote up something like, 'The bull that couldn't be rode versus the cowboy who couldn't be thrown.' The trouble was," Harris II continues, "No. 16 ate like a hog. The day of the big rodeo he got into a trough of moldy feed and got the scours. The rider that night—it was Pete Clemmons of Okechobee—rode him easy. No. 16 bucked some after that, but he was never great again. It broke his spirit."

During World War II the livestock business at Cowtown boomed, and rodeo died since no one had gasoline to come see it. The Cowtown show might not have started again except that Howard Harris III, an independent cuss like his predecessors, kept jumping his traces and running off to compete in rodeos. In the summers of his high school years

Howard III was supposed to work on a Wyoming dude ranch that his father had bought. While this would seem to be just what an Eastern boy might love, Howard III found it entirely too phony. Since he had roped and ridden herd for real on the Cowtown spreads in Jersey, whenever he got the chance he took off from the dude ranch and joined authentic cowpunchers to ride herd on grazing lands. In the summer of his senior high school year, when the glacial till of a cellar he was digging caved in on him three times, as Harris III remembers it, he left the dude ranch in disgust and hitchhiked to a rodeo in Shelby, Mont. Because he had ridden scrub stuff back home for the hell of it and already wore a dental bridge because a Jersey cow had stuck her horn in his mouth, Harris III was convinced he was ready for the big time. "If anybody had tried to tell me I was not ready for bull riding then," he says, "they'd have been wasting their time." Armed with extravagant overconfidence, Harris beat the Western pros at Shelby to take \$300 first money in his first competition. His father, Harris II, remembers the occasion slightly differently. "My son Howard," he insists, "did not leave for the rodeo because the cellar caved in. The cellar fell in on me. He left before the cellar caved in. And, what is more, he stole my boots."

In the fall of 1950 Harris III went to the University of Idaho. Since he had played every position except offensive end during four years at Woodstown High back home, he made the freshman football team. But when the Idaho frosh took off for their opener against the University of Washington in Seattle, Harris III was not aboard the bus. He was on another bus headed for a college rodeo at Oregon State in Corvallis, thus ending his college football career before the first whistle.

"Since I'd always been a Philadelphia Eagles fan," Harris II relates, "I sort of fancied Howard playing football for Idaho and then coming back to play for the Eagles, but it just didn't turn out that way. From the moment he went to Idaho he majored in rodeo and mi-

continued

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EFFETE EAST

nored in business. The dean called me a couple of times to come out there and try to keep Howard from drifting off to rodeos."

On the collegiate circuit Harris III learned one thing fast: in the rodeo arena the talents of a working cowhand that he had learned back home counted for almost nothing. The competitors were specialists. "The best of them used everything except slide rules," Harris III remembers. "There were guys who could beat you at bareback who couldn't ride a saddle horse from here to the frog gate." Although he never became specialist enough to dominate any one event, in his senior year at Idaho he ranked in the first six in five of the six college events and won the national collegiate all-round title. He was the first performer to carry the Cowtown name successfully in the West.

Last year, in the process of winning \$27,822 and the national bull-riding title, George Paul of Del Rio, Texas set a record by staying on 67 consecutive bulls. At the National Finals in Oklahoma last December, Paul was the only competitor to ride more than six bulls. He rode eight of the nine bulls he drew. The only bull to throw Champion George Paul off at the Nationals was a mighty beast called Cowtown from the famous New Jersey town of the same name. Since its fame has spread so far, it bothers neither Harris II nor Harris III nor any Cowtowner that his home town is still not recognized by the United States or the state of New Jersey. "I look at it this way," Harris II says proudly. "We're still one of those wild, unbranded towns."

The coffee pot is empty. The chuck wagon fire is out. Already in the East the light of tomorrow is washing away the Western stars. While there is still time for sleep, how do we end this new cowboy song? It really needs no end. It is enough to say that there are now a host of cowboy heroes like Gene Lorenzo, riding into Eastern arenas with raptured guts and unshatterable faith. And, just as once there was a Camelot, there truly is a Cowtown in New Jersey.

END



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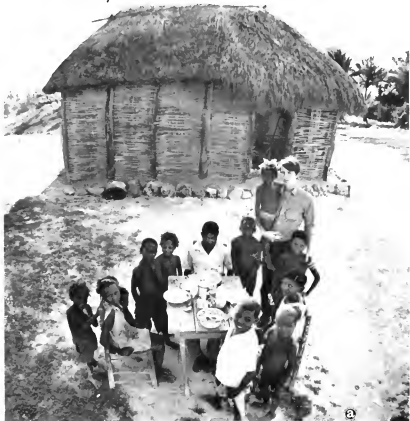
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If you told these people The Peace Corps is
the hypocritical extension of an imperialistic
establishment's military industrial complex, they
would think you were crazy.

And you would be.



Hooded Horses Cast Long Shadows in the Dawn

Before Ycaza, Baeza and their countryman made it the native tongue, Spanish was a foreign language at New York's racetracks. A trainer who spoke it then found secrets easier to keep by CHARLES MOREY

The trainer, weather-worn, cautious and speaking in the staccato rhythm of his native tongue, gave his final instructions to the small, dark jockey in the red and white silks: "*Pégate a los puentes y no hagas ni movimiento hasta la recta final. Aquí es muy larga.*"

Nowadays, thanks to Baeza, Ycaza, Cordero, Velasquez, et al., Spanish is as much a part of the scene at Aqueduct and other major racetracks in the U.S. as the daily scratch sheet. In 1937, however, it was heard about as often as Russian or perhaps Rumanian. The man who spoke it this day was Jose Cuevas, and the rider he spoke to was Miguel Villena, both of Chile. The red-and-white racing silks worn by Miguel were those of one Clarence Shockley of Los Angeles, a quiet, diffident, red-haired gentleman who had journeyed to Chile and brought back several racehorses, two of whom were named Sahri II and Caballero II.

It was June 25, 1937, and the five just mentioned—Shockley, Cuevas, Villena and the two fast and fit horses—were about to ambush the bookmakers at Aqueduct for something like half a million dollars in tax-free American currency.

The groundwork for this coup was laid earlier that spring when Shockley checked into a barn at Belmont Park, roughly 10 miles from the old Aqueduct, with his new horses. At that time South American horses were considered as foreign in this country as racing on grass. Along with the alien horses came two grooms, equally foreign, who doubled as exercise riders. The trainer, Cuevas, and the rider, Villena, did not appear until later. The grooms, lonely and mute because of language problems in a strange country, managed, nevertheless, to discover a cigar store on nearby Hempstead Turnpike, which was, marvel of marvels, run by a pair of horse-loving Cubans who also spoke Spanish. In

short order they were all friends.

Meanwhile back at the track, Sahri II and Caballero II were winning themselves a curious nickname, The Ku Klux Horses. The first few times Shockley sent them out on the training track to canter they wore unusual equipment: hoods that completely masked their heads except for eye slits and half sheets or blankets that were draped over their backs. It gave them a chilling appearance in the half light and gray mood of the dawn training hours. The hoods and half sheets were borrowed from an English training method, designed to make horses fit without strenuous workouts. The theory was that perspiration and slow gallops would do it and not tip off the experts that a horse was ready.

The clockers at Belmont, men who lived by the numbers on the stopwatch, paid no attention to the two Chilean horses after their opening jokes about the Ku Kluxers. In the second week of June New York racing moved from Belmont to Aqueduct. That meant the clockers were spending their afternoons far removed from the Belmont training track, where the hooded wonders were still working out. There was, therefore, no one to notice when on certain of those afternoons Sahri II and Caballero II, with the two Chilean exercise boys up, put in some swift workouts.

There was a good deal of conversation on some of those June evenings between the Chileans and the Cubans in the cigar store. However, it was all in Spanish, so nobody knew what it was about, and nobody thought anything of the matter when the Cubans sold the store for a reported price of \$10,000.

In 1937 all betting at the New York tracks was with bookmakers, about 100 of whom—legalized by the state—operated on stools with odds chalked on slates. Most of them were in the grandstand, but some were in the clubhouse.

It was a more personal way of betting than with the computerized pari-mutuels of today. Best of all, if you bet a horse at 50 to 1 that was the price you got, even if he went down to 8 to 1.

On June 25th, 1937 Sahri II was entered in the first race at Aqueduct, a claiming race for \$2,000 platers. The purse was \$1,000, with \$700 going to the winner. Caballero II was dropped into the fourth race, an event for \$4,000 claimers.

The handicappers in the racing papers were not impressed with either Sahri II or Caballero II. The unvarying comment was: "Nothing to recommend this one."

But bookmakers deal in money, which is a more concrete thing than opinions on paper, and so they are by nature cautious. Most of them employed a private clocker whose job it was to spot any swift-working "good things." A clocker named George Sharpe, also known as Mountain, was on the payroll of several books who solicited his opinion of Sahri II.

"She isn't ready," Mountain flatly announced.

In the betting rings, both grandstand and clubhouse, the books chalked up their opening line. Sahri II was listed at 30 to 1. No one seemed interested. The price went up to 50 to 1. Headin Home and Speed were the early favorites in the betting.

Then it happened, something like the Johnstown flood. The two Cubans from the cigar store appeared in the grandstand ring. Shockley and a friend were in the clubhouse. They all were betting as fast as the books could take the action, moving from slate to slate.

The price fell fast. To 40 to 1, then 30, to 20 and 10 to 1. Some of the books, especially those who employed Clocker Mountain, held the line at 20 for a while. They all but got knocked off their stools.

continued

The general public, of course, had moved in on the heels of the Shockley group.

The closing price was 8 to 1. The only reason the odds stood still was that the horses were at the post, Villena remembered his instructions from the trainer: "Stay close to the leaders, but don't make your move until well into the stretch. It is a long one here." It was, indeed. At that time the Aqueduct stretch—the track has since been rebuilt—was a bit more than three furlongs, the longest in the country.

The race itself fell together like a Spanish omelet for the Chilean contingent. Villena snugged his horse along in second place until well into the stretch. He then gunned Sahri II into the lead and flashed past the finish a comfortable length in front.

The bookmakers had been slaughtered. The exact amount was never divulged, but it was high. The two Cubans had bet their \$10,000 at odds ranging from 50 to 1 down to 10 to 1. They must have won about \$250,000. Shock-

ley, an independent soul who bet his own money, won at least that much.

In retrospect, it is amazing that nobody claimed Sahri II for that ridiculous price of \$2,000. Hirsch Jacobs reportedly wanted to but got there too late. Hirsch was not too late for Caballero II, whom he halted from the fourth race for \$4,000.

After their burning in the first race the bookmakers exhibited their normal caution in the fourth event. They opened Caballero II at 5 to 1. The Cubans had left to go off and count their money. Shockley was strolling through the clubhouse accepting congratulations.

Caballero II receded to 8 to 1, and Shockley began to bet a little. Just rooting interest money. The fourth was a six-furlong dash. Caballero, again with Villena up, dropped way back. A horse named Isaiah, with a young jockey named Eddie Arcaro up, had the lead in the stretch.

Caballero II came with a comelike rush down the middle of the track. Right

on the line the two bobbing heads were even. The camera could not split them. It was a dead heat. Under the rules of hook-making the bets were split, meaning a payoff of 3½ to 1 on Caballero II. Not 50 to 1, of course, but better than losing.

Both Sahri II and Caballero II went on to a fair measure of fame on the American turf. Neither raced in a claimer again. Sahri II won an edition of the prestigious Hawthorne Gold Cup and the Hannah Dustin Handicap at Suffolk Downs in Boston. Jacobs won renewals of the Aqueduct and Excebiar Handicaps in New York with Caballero II.

Nobody ever saw the Cubans again. They disappeared with a lot of bookmaker money and reportedly went home to Havana. The clocker, Mountain, died a few years later. The racetrack legend was that he had buried a lot of money in his backyard. Mountain had lived alone. For weeks after his death a number of greedy racetrackers were busy digging up Mountain's lawn, but nobody unearthed a dime.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS

Sirs:

Please slap Mr. Dan Jenkins' hands for his article *Ohio State: Alone at the Top* in your Nov. 24 issue. Too bad we did not get to see the great game that he suggested: Ohio State's defense against Ohio State's defense. Instead, we had to watch both of those great teams against poor little Michigan. Which of the two great Ohio State teams was responsible for the loss, the offensive or the defensive?

Fortunately, Ohio State can sit by the fire on New Year's Day and watch all the games without having to meet the new No. 1 team in the nation. For the game of the year that he was probably trying to describe, watch Texas vs. Arkansas on Dec. 6.

W. O. FRAZIER

Wharton, Texas

Sirs:

Re your designation of Columbus as football's mecca. Goodbye, Columbus!

MARK SPEAKER

Camp Hill, Pa.

MIDWESTERN OBJECTIVES

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent article, *Missouri Walks to Victory* (Nov. 17). It gave a good insight into the total spectrum of a football weekend at Mizzou. I was glad to see you praise the Big Eight Conference and especially the 1969 Missouri Tigers.

Thank you for putting into print some of the reasons why I have journeyed back to Columbus for four games this season even though I graduated from MU several years ago.

JIM R. CONNELLY

Chicago

Sirs:

As Roy Blount said, "The Big Eight is the toughest conference in the country this year." You would never know this if you read your college football section every week. As a rule the Big Ten and Notre Dame get much more coverage than the Big Eight. I'm sick and tired of hearing stories of Notre Dame nipping those powerful Pitt Panthers or Purdue just getting by the ferocious defense of the Wisconsin Badgers. Seriously, it hasn't been quite as bad this year. But you seem to have forgotten that the Big Eight's best team, Missouri, pounded Michigan 40-17. The depth of the Big Eight Conference is unmatched anywhere in the country. Let's start getting things straight.

DON COPPLE

St. Louis

Sirs:

Many thanks from Coloradans for the mention of us in connection with Missouri's 9-1 record. Does that make us the Nameless One-der?

PHYLLIS IRVING

Denver

Sirs:

I would like to inform you that Missouri isn't the only team in the Big Eight. Nebraska also happens to belong. As a matter of fact, Nebraska tied Missouri for the Big Eight championship.

You said that Missouri virtually wrapped up the Big Eight Conference title by defeating Oklahoma 44-10. If you happen to pay attention to other football games in Jesse James and Quantrill country, you will notice that Nebraska beat Oklahoma in the snake pit of Norman 44-14. This was the first time in three years that Oklahoma had lost at home, and the great Steve Owens was held to under 100 yards.

TOM SCHMEIDER

Nebraska City, Neb.

CASTLE COUNTRY

Sirs:

I enjoyed reading some of your opinions concerning Italian skiing (*The Country Is a Castle*, Nov. 17) but I feel that many enthusiasts reading the article will get the wrong impression of Val Gardena.

For example, I can remember a two-mile, 30-minute tie-up of traffic caused by an overcrowded intersection in Ortisei. The long line of parallel-parked tour buses would only permit one lane of traffic through the town. To me this did not appear to have "that undiscovered look," nor was it "monumentally isolated." In fact, the scene reminded me of my instructor days back in Wilmington, Vt. during Christmas vacation.

Val Gardena is not "the only ski area in the world where the communities all have two names." In fact, northern Italy (because of its geographic location) has a German name and an Italian name for everything. Of course, "they speak a different language from their countrymen down in Milan and Rome"—northern Italians speak mainly German. If they didn't, they would lose a lot of tourists.

The point books for about \$7.25 "will last the average skier two or three days" provided that he doesn't plan on riding too many lifts. I am a senior member of the National Ski Patrol (European Division), and I've seen a lot of average skiers. I have even seen two average skiers ski up one of those point books in four hours. It takes a little luck to find areas that only require two or three

points per lift, but if you are fortunate enough to find one you can enjoy yourself for several days with one book.

Just a question regarding your photography of the fashion models. The beautiful girls in their colorful outfits cast a real contrast with the gloomy weather in which they were photographed. Why did you choose such poor weather to reflect the "Italian mood"? People, at least in Europe, like to think of Italy as being sunny and mild, and it is. My 30 days in Italy, so far, have all been sunny ones. I rethor, of course, that it would never snow if it didn't cloud up sometime. But don't get me wrong, it's a great place and a cheap place to ski, and it has an atmosphere all of its own.

JON K. FITZGERALD

Garmisch, Germany

GENTLE BEASTS

Sirs:

Obviously the author of *Beware of Fierce Breeders* (Nov. 10) has never had the joy of becoming acquainted with a bull mastiff? Yes, at the states, I live, breathe and dream bull mastiffs. But I would hasten to assure the writer that I would trust any dog of mine with any young child, without fear of the dog harming the child. Since this breed was founded to guard livestock and wildlife, and to guard and defend without ruffling, I find some of the statements a bit farfetched. I regret the implication that guard dogs are bloodthirsty beasts. May we have a rematch?

LINDA H. KIGHT

O'Fallon, Mo.

SELL AND TELL

Sirs:

Having just finished reading *Hot Patches* in the *Selling Guide* (Nov. 17), I thought it might be interesting to look back at the last six or seven issues and see how many athletes endorsed products advertised in SI. Some of the athletes include Jerry Kramer, Jean-Claude Killy, John Havlicek, Bobby Hull, Pee Wee Reese, Frank Ryan and, last but not least, Rocky Graziano. Of course, we can't forget the 45 pro football stars who are listed in your own advertisement for posters.

Obviously, advertisers in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* go along with the trend.

STEVEN HYMAN

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I was most pleased with the article about sports personalities in advertising. I think Walt Chamberlain climbing into a Volkswagen is pretty silly, but I would not say it to him face to face—even if I could stand with him face to face. The same applies to

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Tom Seaver crying on a Maypo commercial. Joe Namath's case, however, is different. For 10 grand even I would be serious about shaving off a Fu Manchu mustache.

PHILIP BRUCE SAPER

Howard Beach, N.Y.

Sirs,

Although I enjoyed your article on athletes turning admen, I do disagree with one of your statements. You said that Joe Frazier has never endorsed a product, but I saw him the other night explaining how to shave an extra tough beard on a Personna blade commercial with Clint Walker. If that's not endorsing a product, I'd like to know what is.

GREG ECKERLE

Jasper, Ind.

Sirs,

Why don't they put Wili in a VW and O.J. in a Chevy and send them to Smacks for a bowl of Maypo, a glass of Gateade and some pancakes, while they listen to Des'rey McLean and Phil Linz do a duet? Then we can all take only one of *La Capade Buyer* instead of two every time we see one of those commercials.

FRANK BARBARI

Haverstown, Pa.

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Sirs:

After reading articles on bird watching and dart throwing, I wondered what was left for you to write about. Sandy Treadwell's article on tabletop football ("Dare Roll Keeps the Mood Fit," Nov. 17) came as a pleasant surprise, since my friends and I are part of the growing cult of armchair quarterback in search of fulfillment.

It was quite a disappointment to see Mr. Treadwell give the game a poor image by writing about the exploits of a group of overgrown children like the DFL. While they are well organized and have a great deal of fun, some of their stunts seem neurotic and don't reflect the behavior of all who play the game. Mickey Mouse hats and keepers "kins" Rudolous!

My friends and I are high school students and play Strat-O-Matic's game as another way to satisfy our appetite for football. The only thing approaching odd behavior in our games is a 16-year-old with a react button screaming for Ray Nitschke to kill Joe Namath.

ROBERT GOLDMAN

Brooklyn

SPORTSMEN

Sirs,

My vote, and surely yours, must be cast for Snoppy as Sportsman of the Year. This lovable character symbolizes fulfilled desires (New York Mets) and hopes, yet to be ful-

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

filled (Boston Bruins). As a shortstop on Charlie Brown's misfits, he constantly delights the reader with his base-running ability and heroics. As a hockey player, he is en-vied by Bobby Hull for his slap shot. Even the Red Baron fears him!

Snoopy symbolizes conquered horrors and hope for all.

RICHARD S. SEIGLE

Pawtucket, R.I.

Sirs:

Even we West Coast ers concede that the Sportsman of the Year is an Easterner — Joan Payson.

RON LEAVENS

Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Bill Russell now belongs to basketball's history books. The historians will need a cluster of chapters to chronicle the career of this most remarkable man and athlete. I suggest you make him your Sportsman of the Year again.

H. C. BROWN JR.

Fort Worth

Sirs:

My nomination for Sportsman of the Year is the most dominant force a sport has ever known, Wilt Chamberlain. Take a look at the records. He wanted to score, so he did — 27,000 points. He's always been the best rebounder. A couple of years ago he decided to become a feeder, so he led the league in assists. His defense is terrific, and he is the best at intimidating opposing players. Those who said Russell was better are wrong. In terms of ability no one is better. Will has received many awards. Now it is time to add this one.

ROBERT STEEL JR.

Akron, Pa.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Don Maynard of the New York Jets. He has gained more than 10,000 yards and made more than 83 touchdowns in his career. Without his quick hands and moves, I believe that Joe Willie Namath's pass completion records would not be so impressive.

DAVID LEE

Rockville, Conn.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Ted Williams. Although remembered as a great hitter he will also be known as one of baseball's greatest managers.

RAY GILBERT

Santa Cruz, Calif.

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